

- E. Griffiths

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[ONE PENNY.]

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

WHEN Dr. Johnson lay dying in Bolt-court, there was left at his door a manuscript poem, with the request that the venerable critic would deign to glance his eye upon it and give judgment concerning its merits. The author, a young Jew, named Isaac Disraeli, only son of a rich merchant, who came from Venice to London in 1745, had been taken out of the University of Amsterdam, and informed that a vacant stool was waiting for him in his father's counting-room; but the stripling had replied that he could not on any account think of accepting the said stool, and for this precious reason, he had written and was about to print a long poem against commerce, which he assailed as the great corrupter of mankind. The poem, which of course came too late for Dr. Johnson to see, was soon published. It did not happen to annihilate commerce; but it procured for its author the friendship of Pye, afterwards poet laureate, who succeeded in persuading the old merchant to let Isaac stop among the books. And thus it was that for the next half-century the world saw the growth of the most elaborate and stupendous book-worm that ever lived; and thus it was that we all got the inheritance of those most delicious of gossiping tomes he "Curiosities of Literature," the "Calamities of Authors," the

"Quarrels of Authors," and the "Amenities of Literature." And here in Bloomsbury-square—but a few steps from where I write these words—was born unto this glorious book-worm, an only son, who, against almost every conceivable disadvantage of position, against the deep, immitigable antagonism of Gentile prejudice, has pushed his way by sheer force of brain to be the leader of the aristocratic party in the British House of Commons, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Her Majesty's Privy Councillor, for the third time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and late Premier.

The career of Disraeli the Younger, as he used to be proud of styling himself, will stand as one of the romances of the nineteenth century. He is himself his own greatest novel. His present political and personal attitude in England is something quite unique. In the House, in the committee rooms, in the lobbies, Mr. Disraeli appears often, but he appears like no other member. Above the average height; finely proportioned; invariably dressed with an ostentatious care, and with a richness of fabric unusual among Anglo-Saxon statesmen; his hair hanging in long locks of glistening jet upon his brow and neck; with a face of marble—cold, intellectual, haughty, imperious, persistent, stamped with the ineffaceable stamp of the Jew, and trained by years of grim dis-

cipline to remain impassive and impenetrable before the keenest stare, Mr. Disraeli bears himself as if companionless in a parliament where he has sat for twenty-nine years, and without a friend in the party which for nearly twenty years he has led with an unquestioned sway. Among the members of the House, even of opposite politics, there is an evident interchange of good fellowship; and to other great party chieftains their squires and henchmen seem bound by personal sympathy and devotion. Last session it was observed, with much amusement, that on one occasion Sir John Pakington, the Tory assailant of John Bright, crossed the House and sat down upon the gangway steps, at the very feet of his Radical foe, and carried on with him a long and merry conversation; and it toward the member for Birmingham even his arch antagonist could show such personal cordiality, it may be imagined what must be the display of it on the part of his followers and friends. Mr. Gladstone, too, Mr. Mill, Lord Stanley, Mr. Lowe, seem to stand in an atmosphere of friendly reciprocity with the general mass of the members on both sides of the House.

Even Mr. Roebuck, that distempered and splenetic soul, that compound of the philosopher and the porcupine, seems to be not wholly without personal connections among his brethren. I have



PRIZE BIRDS AND RABBITS AT THE BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW.—(SEE PAGE 802.)

seen him hobble along the front of the Liberal benches, and drop a joke into Mr. Gladstone's ear—an ear into which the very next minute he would have been perfectly ready to drop boiling lead. But Mr. Disraeli is the great political solitary, the Hermit of the House of Commons! Making no advances to others, others making no advances to him, his unassuming eyes directed straight onward, seeing nothing and yet seeing everything, he moves through the crowds in the lobby with a strange, stealthy, tiger-like, scornful gait, as if each step was the subject of a measurement made ages ago, and each sinuous vibration of his body the fulfilment of a calculation drawn from the depths of a profound policy. About Mr. Disraeli there is nothing spontaneous, nothing accidental. He never so far forgets himself as to have an impulse. He impresses you with having planned and plotted every minutest thing about him—the position of each particular hair, the direction of the tag of each shoe-string, every pulse-throb, every heaving of his lungs. In looking at him, you cannot dismiss the analogy of the tiger; as he glides along the floor, you almost expect him to give a spring and to pounce upon his victim. It is hard to see what chance an assassin would ever have with Mr. Disraeli—even if Mr. Disraeli were the sort of statesman that assassins care to destroy. You cannot doubt that, from a million watch-towers upon his person, he would be warned of the lurking danger, and that he would see and dodge the bullet when in full career.

In the House, too, while other members chat and laugh and exchange greetings, Mr. Disraeli enters with the same cool, deliberate, insinuating shuffle; takes his seat with solemn pomp; places his hat by his side; folds his arms across his bosom, and there sits with scarcely a movement, it may be for hours together. Other members get tired and show it; Mr. Disraeli seems not to know the meaning of fatigue. Other members yawn, and gape, and stretch their arms, and relieve the tedium of a long sitting by an endless variety of postures; Mr. Disraeli never yawns and gapes, never stretches his arms, has but one posture. Like the race from which he springs, he moves among men without being of them, he deals with their affairs without belonging to them, and when he seems most wrapped in thought, and to have utterly closed the gateways of observation, you cannot doubt that not a sound escapes him, that not a movement of the humblest member but reports itself to the unseen sentinels in ambush beneath his eyelids. All this isolation is evidently the result of a cherished purpose; the artifice of the most artificial of men. His abstracted air is only an air; he is merely abstracted upon practising the art of seeming abstracted. If Mr. Disraeli were asked why he thus dwells apart, even when most in company, freezing and slaying the first approaches of a warmer personal intercourse, I can fancy him replying in the very words of an old Venetian merchant who may have been personally known to Mr. Disraeli's ancestors, even if not himself one of them:

"I'll not swear that;
But say it is my humour."

It seems to fit his sullen, proud, subtle, Mephistophelian temper to be wrapped in this affectation of mystery, to create this isolation in the House of Commons, to be self-banished to this Sahara of his own ambition.

No one in England now denies that Mr. Disraeli is a man of prodigious talent. With only the education which could be acquired at a private academy in the suburbs of London, at sixteen articulated as a clerk to a solicitor, by the time he was of age he had produced the romance of "Vivian Grey," which, by its wit, its polished and brilliant satire, its acute delineations of character, and its poetical imagery, took by storm not only the English public, but continental nations also, into whose languages it was at once translated. From that moment a celebrated man, he spent the succeeding ten years of his life in travel, in study, in writing novels, poems, and political tracts, and in frantically trying to get into the House of Commons.

It was in the course of these early and futile attempts to become a member of Parliament that he quitted with the Radical party, even announcing himself as a Tory Radical—a title about as intelligible as a white blackbird, a three-legged biped, a loyal rebel, or a pro-slavery abolitionist! Mr. Disraeli actually made his first appearance as a candidate with credentials from Joseph Hume, W. J. Fox, and Daniel O'Connell, and it was in consequence of his speedy rupture with O'Connell that he stigmatized the agitator as "an incendiary," "a bloody traitor," and "a liar in action and in word," which gave occasion to O'Connell's celebrated retort, "that for aught he knew, Mr. Disraeli was a lineal descendant from the impudent thief on the cross."

In 1837, Mr. Disraeli reached the long-sought goal—a seat in Parliament. Turn over the pages of Hansard for that year, and read Disraeli's first speech. It is on the whole, the most portentous collapse that man ever survived. The speech, at least in intention, was a fierce onslaught upon O'Connell. The failure came from no lack of words, but from excess of them. It was a wild, chaotic, fantastic howl—an insane explosion of bombast, literature, nonsense, philosophy, fun, and fury. The House of Commons seemed not to appreciate Mr. Disraeli's eloquence; for his speech was at last stifled in the derisive laughter of the House. Never since the world began had a man made such a fool of himself. As he took his seat, however, he fiercely ejaculated, "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me;" a threat fulfilled with even poetic vengeance, when, in 1852, he first became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, clad in the same garments he had worn at the time of his renowned failure, delivered to a densely-crowded assemblage the most brilliant and the ablest budget speech that had been heard there since the days of William Pitt.

It took Mr. Disraeli seven years to atone for his first speech. At last, in 1844, he decidedly gained the ear of the House; and within the next three years, by his splendid speeches against Sir Robert Peel, he won his great reputation for elegant, gentle, torturing, terrific, parliamentary sarcasm. Those speeches against Peel he has never since equalled; not from loss of faculty, but from loss of a victim. They are masterpieces of brilliant, artistic, intellectual scalping. They are in oratory what the Letters of Junius are in journalism. Since that date a great recognised power in the House of Commons, he is always heard with close attention, often with delight and wonder, never with enthusiasm. Passionless, self-poised, analytic, acute, cunning, critical, he is a perfect master of argumentative fence, and, as John Bright once pronounced him, the ablest opposition chieftain in the world. It is believed that his ambition is a seat in the Upper House, and the title of the Earl of Hughenden.

When Lord Derby resigned power in February, 1867, to Mr. Disraeli the position of premier was conceded by nearly the whole Tory party. His possession of that post until he recently resigned it is one of the most surprising passages of his history. He showed the most wonderful ability and versatility, and never was his unscrupulousness more thorough. He had in 1866 resisted reform when brought forward by the Whigs, he proposed a larger measure than they had. No doubt it was his expectation, with the assistance of the Lords, to obstruct his own bill by various new clauses; but in this he only partially succeeded. The elections of 1868 issued in a majority of about 115 for the Liberals. When this was ascertained he resigned, but previously, with that disregard of political integrity which characterises him, he loaded unknown persons with honours, and made his own wife Viscountess Beaconsfield. When Lord Campbell's wife was made a peeress by the Whigs on account of his being passed over in the appointment of Lord Chancellor, Mr. Disraeli in the bitterest invective denounced it as a job on the part of those who conferred it, and a humiliation on the part of the man who accepted it. Yet without having rendered any services to the state which the nation recognises, he did what is contrary to precedent, and is in itself

utterly unconstitutional; a retiring premier who does not give up to his own party or a coalition the reins of office which he held, but to an opposite party coming into power on opposite principles, violates precedent, principles, modesty, dignity, justice, and his duty to his sovereign by using his few days of remaining power in conferring honours upon his wife and obscure adherents.

A curious story is told of the way in which he became acquainted with that lady. It occurred when he was returned member for Maidstone. On the day of the nomination, he was in his club in London quietly waiting for the execution of an order which he had given. He was suddenly apprised that the liberal party believed they were strong enough to return two men, and his informant had posted to London to procure one. Time was precious and the caterer for the liberal electors of Maidstone pounced upon "the eloquent apostate Jew." He took the bait, posted to Maidstone, fresh horses having been prepared every four miles, arrived just in time to be nominated, made a most able and amusing speech abusing the other party for all time to come, and commending his own for all virtues. He was returned. His colleague died shortly after, and the widow, who had heard the speech on the hustings and was charmed with the eloquence of the random aspirant for the representation of Maidstone, gave her heart and hand to the quondam "Wandering Jew." This is the lady who wears the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield. She was an enthusiast for the liberal party in her first husband's time, who belonged to it. She is now the fervent and amiable advocate of that to which her second husband *ostensibly* belongs.

Such has been the career of Benjamin Disraeli. Ingenious, witty, brilliant, of perfect culture, enriched with ample stores both of solid and of shining learning, an astute politician, a consummate debater, a novelist, a poet, and a historian, Benjamin Disraeli would have deserved to be called a great man, if Nature, in giving him that superb intellect, had not at the same time forgotten to give him a conscience and a heart.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW.

In our last number we gave a brief account of this useful and successful exhibition, it is now only necessary to add that it was especially interesting in the departments illustrated on our first page. Every section in the bird department showed well; and probably as splendid an exhibition of rabbits was never made in England.

OPENING OF THE CATTLE SHOW—VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

MONDAY morning, at nine o'clock, the preliminary to the opening of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show for 1868—the awarding of the prizes—commenced. As usual at these exhibitions, only a few specially invited persons were allowed to be present during the judging process, but this year the visitors were allowed to walk through the avenues of live stock the whole day, instead of, as formerly, simultaneously with the admission of the public. This new arrangement proved very satisfactory, and much facilitated the members of the press and others who had come on business, in the performance of their duties. Among the visitors was the Crown Prince of Prussia, who arrived at a quarter after twelve o'clock, and was escorted through the show by Viscount Bridport, Lord Hardwicke, the president of the Club; Mr. B. Gibbs, the secretary of the Club; and several other gentlemen. It is said that this year's show is, both as regards number and quality, the best that has ever been held by the Smithfield Club.

Every day since the opening, the attendance has been most numerous and respectable. On no occasion probably have so many unmistakable provincials been seen in the streets of London. The ruddy farmer and his equally ruddy spouse and daughters. The smock-frocked labourer or driver, the cattle dealer, grazier, and breeder, and the country gentleman who belongs to the stay-at-home class, and who likes a fox hunt better than a box at the opera, were all noticeable. Many persons of distinction have also been visitors; and Londoners have flocked to the sight with as much eagerness as the country born. The Cattle Show has this year been a great success.

MEETING OF THE SMITHFIELD CLUB.

The annual meeting of the club was held in the board-room at the Agricultural Hall. The Earl of Hardwicke presided, and amongst other members of the club present were Lord Bessborough, Lord Walsingham, Lord Penryn, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Tredegar, and Lord Bridport.

The report of the council having been read and adopted, Mr. MILWARD moved, and Mr. TOWN seconded, that the Earl of Powis be appointed the president for 1870. The motion was carried unanimously.

The Marquis of Exeter, Lord Penryn, and the Earl of Aylesford were then added to the list of vice-presidents.

The trustees and the honorary secretary were re-elected.

Mr. MUCKHAM then said he was about to propose an alteration in the rule by which the judges were selected. At present they were elected at a full council board, and without due consideration. He also thought it was wrong to allow any gentlemen who were exhibitors to take part in the election of judges. He would not say that they allowed their feelings as exhibitors to have anything to do with it, but the system was wrong. He would move that the present rule be rescinded, and that for the future the judges be chosen by a select committee of the council from amongst a number nominated by the general council. He thought the selection committee should consist of stewards, who were prohibited from being exhibitors.

Mr. WILMORE seconded the motion. BEESELY considered that the best course would be to leave the selection of judges to the stewards, and he would move to that effect as an amendment upon the original motion.

Mr. DILWARD seconded the amendment.

Mr. Woods and Mr. TOWN having spoken on the two motions, THE CHAIRMAN expressed his opinion that for the satisfaction of the public they should adopt a system by which they could become better acquainted with the capabilities of the gentlemen appointed as judges.

Upon a vote being taken, the original motion of Mr. Duckham was carried.

THE HINDLEY COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

THE occurrence of this sad accident was fully detailed in our last week's issue. The illustration given in our present number depicts the final task connected with the catastrophe.

Another death has resulted from the terrible explosion, and the total of the dead is thus raised to sixty-two. This last victim was named John Gerard, a dateler, forty-four years of age, residing in Chapel-lane, Hindley. He was one of those employed in the d.p. workings on the day of the accident; he was seriously burnt, and was one of the first batch of sufferers brought out after the explosion. He was at once taken home, where he died on Monday. He leaves a wife and family.

ANOTHER NEW GUNPOWDER.—A new kind of gunpowder has been invented by a M. Hahn. It consists of 367.5 parts of chlorate of potash, 168.3 of sulphuretted antimony, 18 parts of charcoal, and 46 parts of spermaceti. This gunpowder can be conveyed without danger of an explosion, provided the chlorate be added only at the moment of using it, in the proportion of 46 parts of that substance to 29 of the others.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

WINDSOR CASTLE, DEC. 7.—The Queen accompanied by the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal), drove out this morning.

Prince Leopold drove out, attended by Mr. Sahl.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Clifton, arrived at the Castle on a visit to the Queen.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Elphinstone and Lieut. Pickard, on Wednesday left the Castle for Woolwich.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his late visit to Paris, was pleased to send a donation of 500*l.* to the British charitable fund.

The Bishop of Peterborough and the Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family on Monday.

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Prince Christian rode in the Home Park, on Tuesday, attended by Countess Hohenbalk and Colonel the Hon. A. Lindell.

The Crown Prince of Prussia went to London. His Royal Highness visited the Smithfield Club Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and afterwards visited Count and Countess Bernstorff at the Prussian Embassy, and remained to luncheon. His Royal Highness, attended by Captain Von Scheibler, left London in the afternoon for Witley Court, on a visit to the Earl of Dunlop.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

A COPENHAGEN letter in the *Post*, written on Monday, describes the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children in the Danish capital. Their royal highnesses were received, the writer says, with a hearty welcome on alighting from the railway carriage, with their three charming children, who all looked lively and happy. The Princess Alexandra, as the Duke still calls her royal highness, has always been a great favourite, and it was with great joy they saw her looking so well after her late illness. The princess suffered a good deal from sea-sickness, but recovered as soon as the steamer reached the harbour. As soon as day broke on Sunday morning the Dannebrog was hoisted above the town and harbour of Korsør, where there were also displayed many English, Russian, Greek, Swedish, and Norwegian ensigns. Shortly after the arrival of the Freya the prince and princess, with the royal children, appeared on deck, attended by General Sir William Knollys, Colonel Keppel, Dr. Moter, &c., and kept up a conversation with the Danish officers who were on duty on the occasion. At nine o'clock the Crown Prince Frederick arrived from Copenhagen, and most affectionately greeted his sister and royal brother-in-law. A large multitude who had assembled on the shore cheered lustily until the train left the station for Copenhagen. Their royal highnesses walked from the ship to the railway, and appeared to be much pleased with their reception. The princess wore a dark dress, and had in her hair a magnificent bouquet of roses and violets, which had been presented to her by the Empress of the French at Compiegne. The train arrived at Copenhagen at 11.35, when the king and the young Prince Waldemar received their royal highnesses, the cordial greetings bestowed at Korsør, being then repeated. A new carriage was attached to the train, which almost immediately started, and at 12.40 the queen and the young Princess Thyra embraced their royal relatives at Frødensborg. The king took the youngest child in his arms and presented it to the queen, who was deeply moved.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE FASHIONS.

WITH the advance of winter, the Paris modistes are exerting themselves to produce variety and elegance. Plaid is extremely fashionable on the Continent, it is employed in a variety of material. Plaid satin is very elegant, but, of course, only fit for rich toilettes. Sometimes it is used as a trimming on velvet or silk dresses, and this produces a very charming effect. The most in vogue this winter in Paris, *Le Follet* states, are—satin; faille; plain, striped, or plaid velvet; plush; reps; poplin; pail or shot; the woolen tartan, and cloth. The variety of trappings is also great, but jet has not as yet found a place amongst them; excess has brought it into disrepute. However, very elegant possumment is used in its place, and fringe is as much as ever liked. Fur is again coming into use, not only as a trimming, but as a lining; squirrel for this latter purpose being very suitable and not expensive. Feather fringe and lace will be fashionable for ball-dress trappings. Swallowtail is often mixed with marabout fringe. Costumes are generally made with flounces, and, though in quantity of woolen material or cloth, they may be made to look quite distingue with a petticoat of silk or satin. Home or evening dresses are frequently made with plain trained skirts, the richness of the material and the colour of the scarf each making ornament unnecessary. Still the camargo and paniers are by no means discontinued; far from that, we find them still in mode. Some beautiful reversible sashes have been made; both sides being alike, prevents the untidy appearance when the ends turn, which cannot be always prevented. Mantles or paletots are either quite long or quite short.

Many of the mantles for the present season are worn caught up in the basque. This is managed by means of three or four little loops of braid put over a button. It is better to unfasten these on taking off the mantle and again fasten them before re-wearing it than to have them made with pleats in them. They hang more elegantly this way, and the material creases less. This style is particularly applicable to caresses. The sleeves are very tight and the large cuffs of ancient guipure are worn with them, and round the neck a deep collar.

A winter walking costume for a lady consists of a black cashmere robe touching the ground but not trailing. It has two bands of the Gordon tarian three or four inches deep, one at the extreme edge of the skirt, the other a little above it. The body and sleeves are ornamented to correspond. A cloak of brown cloth falls over this within a few inches of the length of the dress; it is made with coat sleeves and a cape raised at the back by two rosettes. This is the style known as the Macfarlane. The bonnet is of green velvet and black lace with the black aigrette on one side.

A pretty afternoon dress is a garnet coloured fine rep cloth. The skirt is a good length but does not train. It is edged with a box-pleated flounce measuring five inches and with a one-inch heading. The tunic is short and ornamental. It is made in four pieces—an apron shaped scallop in front, and a similar scallop, but longer and less indented behind. The two side pieces form a scallop laid over the back and continued nearly to the waist. These pieces are full and pleated and look like tulip leaves. They are really cut without any scallop, except in front, the back of the breadth being plain, and looped up into one broad pleat within half-a-yard of the waist, where it is held by a cord and tassels. A gimp trimming is laid on them from the tassel to the waist, and also down the seams each side of the front. The scallops back and front of the tunic are edged with a box-pleated frill. It is about four inches wide, but graduated off much narrower on the side breadth, where it is looped up. Frills form an epaulette on the sleeves and on the cuffs, the edges tacked down. The back seams of the body are trimmed with gimp. A black velvet bachelier is worn with these and bonnet of ruby velvet, black lace and feathers.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE NEW MINISTRY.—PRIVY COUNCIL.—Her Majesty held two Privy Councils at Windsor on Wednesday, at the first of which the members of the late Government delivered up their seals of office, which were then handed over to their successors at the second council.

FREE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—We understand that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., has been invited to lay the first stone of the proposed Free Church of England, at Upper Plaistow, Essex, the site for which was given by W. H. Worth, Esq., of Richmond-villa, who has been unanimously elected one of the council of the Free Church movement.

THE REGISTRAR OF ST. GEORGE'S MARTYR, HOLBORN, speaking of Eagle-street, which some of our readers may be aware runs out of King's-gate-street, east the address of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, says: "There are a great many children ill of fever in Eagle-street; the houses are very thickly inhabited, and are generally dirty, and defective in drainage and sanitary arrangements." Was Eagle-street ever a very fragrant or wholesome locale? At the same time it is hard to see the use of sanitary inspectors while the state of things described above is suffered to obtain. Will the inhabitants of none of the better sections of the small parish take the matter up, if only in self-defence.

THE MINISTERIAL INTERREGNUM.—AUDIENCE OF MR. DISRAELI WITH THE QUEEN.—On Monday afternoon the Right Hon. B. Disraeli left town in order to have an audience with Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. The right hon. gentleman left the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway by the 1.10 p.m. train for Windsor, which arrived at 2.15 p.m. At the station a Royal carriage, sent by Mr. Moon from Her Majesty's stables, was in readiness, and in this Mr. Disraeli drove to the Castle without being recognised. Upon his arrival at the Palace Mr. Disraeli was admitted to an audience with Her Majesty the Queen, which lasted some little time. Mr. Disraeli was to return to town, it is understood, in the evening.

LIBERAL DEMONSTRATION IN GLASGOW.—On Monday night a meeting of Scottish Liberals was held in Hengler's Circus, Glasgow, to celebrate the triumph of Liberal opinion in Scotland. The building, which is capable of accommodating between 4,000 and 5,000 people, was crowded in all parts, the audience including a large representation of ladies. Deputations were present from Airdrie, Blantyre, Darnley, Dundee, Edinburgh, Falkirk, Glasgow, Govan, Hamilton, Haddington, Hawick, Kirkcaldy, Leith, Paisley, Port-Glasgow, Pollockshaws, and Rothsay. Among the gentlemen on the platform were Mr. Dalgleish, M.P., Mr. Anderson, M.P.; Mr. Finnie, M.P.; Mr. M'Fie, M.P.; Mr. Holmes, M.P.; Professors Nichol and Caird, &c.

THE NEW FINANCE MINISTER.—It is understood that the selection of Mr. Lowe to be Chancellor of the Exchequer was as much a surprise to that gentleman as it has been to the public generally. Mr. Lowe's own predilections would, it is said, have led him to be the successor of Sir John Pakington rather than of Mr. Hunt; and several of our contemporaries have already suggested that an exchange of posts between him and Mr. Cardwell would strengthen the Ministry. It would seem, however, that Mr. Gladstone has been for some time been of a different opinion, and had made up his mind with respect to his War and Finance Ministers even before the change of Government was imminent.

THE FEARFUL GALE.—WRECK OF A STEAMER AND LOSS OF THIRTY-THREE LIVES.—The steamer *Hibernia*, from New York to the Clyde, has gone down off the coast of Ireland. The captain, crew, and passengers took to the boats, and eighty persons, including the captain, were landed at Wick. Another boat, containing thirty-three persons, was seen to go down, and all are believed to have been lost. The *Hibernia* is one of the steamers forming the Anchor line of packets between Glasgow and New York, and was owned by Messrs. Handysides and Henderson. The *Hibernia* was a week overdue; and a late telegram from the captain states that the vessel was abandoned on the Irish coast, and that he succeeded in reaching Wick with three of the boats, containing 83 passengers. The *Hibernia* was built at Glasgow in 1865, by Messrs. A. Stephens and Sons. She was an iron vessel of 1,500 tons, and 350 horse-power; 278 ft. in length, 33 ft. beam, 22 ft. depth of hold, and had seven watertight bulkheads. The cause of this lamentable catastrophe is at present unknown; and nothing can be known as to the loss of the vessel until the captain's report is published.

THE OUTRAGE ON MR. GLADSTONE'S BROTHER.—At Liverpool, on Saturday, a young man named John Smith, a groom in the employ of a gentleman at Fairfield, was brought up on two summonses, one charging him with having assaulted Mr. Robertson Gladstone, the other with having wilfully damaged that gentleman's wagonette to the extent of 5s. On the day of the county election, towards the close of the poll, Mr. Gladstone was driving home, and the defendant, who was standing near a public house door, in liquor, shouted cheers for the Tories and groans for the Liberals, and then rushed at the wagonette, and tried to upset it. Mr. Robertson Gladstone and his friend got out and stood it on the other side. Some person, alleged to be the defendant, then threw a stone and broke one of the windows of the wagonette. The defendant then ran away, and Mr. Gladstone gave chase, but not being so nimble on foot as the defendant, the latter ran into a public house and got away. Before the summonses were served the defendant called upon Mr. Robertson Gladstone at his office for the purpose of begging his pardon, but Mr. Gladstone told him he had already taken out summonses, and advised him to say nothing more about the matter then. Mr. Gladstone appeared in court and conducted his own case. Having stated the facts, he left the matter in the hands of the bench. The defendant expressed his sorrow, and said he would never have acted as he had done if he had not been in liquor. Mr. Gladstone asked the magistrates not to inflict a penalty, and also intimated that he would not call upon the defendant to pay for the damage he had done. The chairman said it was a very serious case, and if Mr. Gladstone had not adopted the lenient course which did him much honour, the bench would have felt it their duty to deal very severely with the defendant.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

EXCITING SCENE AT A FIRE.—Saturday morning last, about five o'clock, a fire was discovered on the premises of Mr. Chalton, a linendraper, in Andover-terrace, Hornsey-road. At the time of the outbreak the inmates were in their beds asleep. When they were aroused the flames had not only taken possession of the front shop and warehouse, but also the staircase. To descend by the staircase was therefore an impossibility, and as a last resource the frightened persons made for the front windows, and there being a sun blind over the shop windows the same was pulled out, and two of the children were thrown out of the window on to the blind, and they rolled down and were caught by the people below. The servants with the proprietor and his wife next scrambled down in the same manner, and fortunately none of them received any injuries. The fire was not extinguished until the stock-in-trade was destroyed and the building nearly gutted.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—An outrage of a very horrible character is reported from Aberdare. Just before dawn on Saturday, the inmates, two in number, of a small farm-house on the slope of the mountain in Cwmdare, were startled by an explosion in the lower part of the house. Workmen at the Cwmdare pit heard the

explosion, and ran to the assistance of the occupants of the house. They found that a small cask of gunpowder had been placed in the dairy and pantry, a train laid, and then fired. The roofs of both rooms were completely blown off, every domestic article in them destroyed, and some articles of clothing hanging on lines in the kitchen were burnt. The whole of the inmates of the house were in bed at the time, and marvellous to relate, escaped uninjured. The wretch who perpetrated the outrage is said to be a Thomas Morris, living at Aberaman. He was found by some workmen near the farm with his clothes burnt off him, and his person burnt severely from his breast to his feet. In the dairy was found a cap, umbrella, and a collier's lamp, which Morris's wife identified as belonging to her husband, who lies in a precarious state.

SWINDLING EXTRAORDINARY.—A workman of the name of Ashton has just succeeded in carrying out an extraordinary swindle at Cardiff. He professed to have been left a large property at Hull, and Tooting, near London, and produced letters, apparently written by a London solicitor, giving particulars of the estate, and the announcement of his good luck was disseminated far and wide by the public press. The prospect of unbounded wealth brought him a host of friends, all only too anxious to assist him in any way they could, and as it was necessary that he should obtain "temporary" assistance before taking possession of the property, he found no difficulty in obtaining loans to a considerable amount. From one he obtained goods and money to the tune of £200; from another, £100; a third, £50; and, altogether, it is estimated that he managed to comfort himself with goods and money to the extent of £1,000. Being of a religious turn of mind he engaged to buy a large music-hall for a chapel, ordered a costly communion service, and his generosity was the theme of more than one discourse in the pulpit. He engaged several friends to be the stewards of his estates, and these favoured individuals, together with several others, actually accompanied him to Hull. The morning after their arrival Ashton could not be found. Then the extraordinary swindle was discovered, and the clever Ashton has not since been heard of, it being believed that he has sailed for America.

MURDER IN PRESTON.—A brutal wife murder was perpetrated at Preston on Saturday night, under the following circumstances:—A man named Caton quarrelled with his wife, principally in consequence of her being in a state of intoxication, and after some time the wife entered the house where they lived and lay upon a sofa in the kitchen, and she here continued to use such abusive language that her husband went into the cellar and brought up a piece of wood about two feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, and with it he struck her on the left temple. His daughter, who was present, seized him, and pushed him from the sofa, but he shook her off, and she then ran out of the house. She remained outside a short time, and on re-entering saw her father strike her mother on the head with the piece of wood referred to, two or three times. He then left the house and went to a beerhouse, where he had two glasses of ale. While Caton was there, a son by the former husband came home, and found his mother lying on the sofa. Being told what had happened, he procured some water in order to give a drink to his mother; but on going to her found that she was dead. Caton was apprehended in his own house, whither he had returned. When charged with the murder of his wife, Caton said—"I've done it." He was then taken to the police-station, and seemed to be very unconcerned as to his position. At the police-station he repeatedly acknowledged being guilty of the murder, remarking that what was done could not be undone, and stating in extenuation of his crime that for several years he had had to contend with her bad habits, but that he did not intend killing her.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

FRANCE.

THE celebration of the 38th anniversary of the Polish revolution has just been held at the Church of the Assumption, in the midst of a large assembly of Poles, Hungarians, and Bohemians, mostly in national costume. The pupils of all the adult schools of both sexes from the Batignolles and the Hotel Lambert were present at the ceremony, as also many personages of distinction, and amongst others Prince Wladislaw Czartorski and his son, and M. Wolowski, of the Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers. The altar was ornamented at the sides with trophies of the arms of the Polish republic as well as tricoloured flags. At the conclusion, the hymn of *Bosc des Polse!* ("God save Poland") was sung with great enthusiasm.

THE LATE M. BERRYER AND HIS CLIENT PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Mr. Guineen communicates to a contemporary a reminiscence of the trial of the Emperor of the French, then Prince Louis Napoleon, for the Boulogne invasion, in 1840, when he was defended by M. Berryer. To avoid a scene in the court of peers, it was determined that the prince should deliver a short address, and then decline to answer questions. It is a passage in this speech which has given rise to endless commentaries on the Corsican character of the Prince as entertaining *La Vendetta* against the English for the battle of Waterloo. When it is stated that Prince Louis Napoleon never wrote the passages referred to, but that it owes its origin to a mere jocular observation of an Englishman, what a mass of indignant commentary will fall to the ground. The facts are simply these:—The prince wrote down a sketch of what he wished to say to the court of peers, giving it to his counsel to alter and amend as he thought expedient. M. Berryer who was in daily communication with an English friend of the prince, resident in Paris, being struck with the rather inflated style of the proposed address, quite natural under the perilous position of the prisoner, read over the draft to the Englishman with the observation, "You English, who have so much common sense, can suggest what is ultra and exaggerated." Suggestions were mutually made on the reading until M. Berryer came to a passage: "I represent before you a principle and a cause—the first the sovereignty of the people, and the second that of the empire." On hearing this sentence the Englishman smiled. "What are you laughing at?" said M. Berryer. "Well," was the reply, "I think there is one other thing the prince represents. 'What is that?' rejoined the advocate. "A defeat," was the answer. "What do you mean?" "Waterloo," quietly remarked the Englishman. "C'est le mot, c'est le mot!" called out M. Berryer, and, pen-in-hand, he altered the passage as it was delivered to the court, and it stood thus:—"I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the empire; the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle—you have recognised it; the cause—you have served it; the defeat—you would revenge it." Such is the origin of the defeat and the revenge; the joke of an Englishman turned to account by the subtlety of the advocate.

ITALY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gazette* who had an interview with Mazzini at Lugano on Dec. 1, affirms positively, from what he saw of him and from what he told him, that the great Italian is now convalescent. Mazzini rose from his armchair to receive his visitor, walked with a firm step, and talked to him for a long while. He said he had been dangerously ill, and was quite aware that his enemies, who were many, had been kind enough to say a little good of him on the assumption that he was about to die. But he hoped to disappoint them. He did have had very serious attacks and at one time thought himself that all was over with him, but he was now very much better. This correspondent was astonished

to find Mazzini smoking very strong Swiss cigars, which would do the stomach of many people in robust health. While he was talking four pet birds, flying backwards and forwards from an open cage, perched frequently on his beard, face, hands, and shoulders.

AUSTRIA.

A SHORT time since the whole of the decorations conferred on Baron von Beust, the Austrian Minister of State, were stolen from his residence. They have now been recovered. They were pledged with an old curiosity dealer for 2500. by a man who represented himself as valet to a high personage. As a reward of 200 thalers was promised for the discovery of the thief the dealer gave information to the police. None of the objects were missing; but the criminal has not been found.

RUSSIA.

THE high Russian clergy have lately been called upon to pronounce on the point as to how far the foundation of Sunday schools is in conformity with the doctrines of the orthodox Church. The committee of the synod to which the question was referred has declared unanimously that not only the existence of these institutions is not contrary to the laws of the Church in Russia, but that such attendance should take place on five days as well as on the Sabbath.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

ADVICE from Athens, dated some few days, state most positively that the Greek Government had not only afforded aid to the Candiot insurgents both in money and in warlike stores, but had actually taken any pains to conceal its sympathy for them from the Turkish minister. People were, indeed, so sensible of a change in the Greek policy that they had begun to guess at its motives. One guess it that the object of the Government in supporting the Candiot insurrection is to divert the attention of the people from home affairs; another, that the Government's sympathy with the insurrection is quite real, and that, in despite of inspiring an equal interest in the powers by any other means, it has resolved to force on a quarrel with Turkey.

A Parisian publisher in an authoritative way a piece of intelligence about the threatened rupture between Turkey and Greece of a somewhat reassuring character. It is to the effect that the Turkish Government, yielding to the representations of the mediating powers, has promised to delay action with regard to Greece until the 12th inst., whether the demands of the Porte be complied with or not. The statements respecting the attitude of Turkey towards Greece made by a Constantinople journal appear to have been discredited in Paris.

AMERICA.

MR. HENRY RIVUS POLLARD, editor of the *Southern Opinion*, published at Richmond, has been assassinated.

THE Washington correspondents of several journals state that the Government approves of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's conduct during the negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims.

A LARGE band of desperadoes attacked Bear City, Nebraska, on Saturday, intending to plunder the town, but they were repulsed by the citizens.

MOSES SMITH, a coloured man, died at Washington on the 4th ult., at the age of 120. He was formerly a slave in Virginia, and retained a distinct recollection of the stirring events of the revolution.

THE defeat of Mr. Roebuck is an indication that no statesman who makes animosity towards this country the corner stone of his policy can now look for popularity in England. American influence is rapidly spreading and rooting itself among the masses of the Old World, and the growth of liberal sentiments must be freely recognised by anyone who would hereafter become a leader in English politics. —*New York Tribune*.

ON Monday intelligence was received in Liverpool, by means of the Atlantic cable, to the effect that the City of Boston, one of the *Imman* fleet of American mail steamers, had gone ashore on the South West Spit, outside the harbour of New York. The City of Boston only left New York on Saturday last for Liverpool, and the telegram states that when the steamer struck on the Spit she was in charge of a pilot, and that a dense snowstorm prevailed at the time. The vessel went ashore about four o'clock p.m., and remained till about 7.30 p.m., when she floated off without assistance, and was towed back to New York, where she transferred her mails, cargo, and passengers to the City of New York—another *Imman* steamer—which would leave as soon as possible for Liverpool. The only damage sustained by the City of Boston was the loss of her rudder and outer sternpost, and it was anticipated that the repairs would be completed to enable the vessel to leave New York for Liverpool, on Saturday next.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The message vindicates the President's policy concerning reconstruction, advocates the early resumption of specie payments, the contraction of the paper currency, and reduced expenditure. It states that the negotiations respecting the Alabama claims are not yet complete. After giving an historical review of the subject, the Message states that certain portions of the protocol which were not approved by the United States were returned to England, and the resignation of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry is regarded only as a temporary hindrance to the prosecution of the negotiations. The United States offered mediation between Paraguay and Brazil, but the offer has been declined. The United States hitherto have failed to purchase any naval station in the West Indies, but the French are trying to get Sumatra Bay. The message also charges extensive frauds on the inland Revenue Department, expresses fears of a coming Indian war, but favours reduction in the army by the withdrawal of troops from the South.

BRITISH NAVAL OPERATIONS IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

THE *Calcutta Englishman* says that the story of the taking of Muscat by the insurgents, as told by the *Sindian*, does not reflect any credit on the English officers concerned. Colonel Pelly, in the *Vigilant*, reached Muscat on the 3rd of October, two days after the Scinde and the gunboat Sir Hugh Rose. The next day arrangements were made for embarking such of the English subjects as chose to escape from a place where it was difficult to choose between the besiegers and besieged in point of lawlessness. Some bunnahs, however, preferred retiring to a village about two miles from the town, where they fancied they might, under the protection of the British cruisers, wait the event in safety. Colonel Pelly appears to have forgotten these men, as when, on the morning of the 6th of October, he determined to side with the *Imman*, he made no sort of attempt to protect these refugees from the wrath of the party of Syud Azan. During the night of the 6th a lieutenant of the *Vigilant*, and two officers of the Sir Hugh Rose were sent on shore in charge of the marines of those two vessels, and succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay. Their chief task, however, was the burning of the suburbs of the town by a fire of rockets. In the morning the whole party re-embarked, and the Sir Hugh Rose was sent to Seedah to take off the bunnahs. Of course Azan's party had been beforehand with them, and they were retained as hostages for the future neutrality of the British Agent. Syud Salim, deluded by a pretended submission of the insurgents, opened the gates of his fort, but only to find his ruse prolonged for one day, after which he was deposed, and allowed to escape to Bunder Abbas. The Government telegraphed to Colonel Pelly to remain neutral, but instead of confining himself to the protection of British subjects Colonel Pelly rushed into the fray, and did what but for an opportune act of folly on the part of the *Imman*, would have pledged the Government to a disastrous course of action.

SCENE FROM THE COLLEEN BAWN.

"THE COLLEEN BAWN," or *Pretty Little Fair Girl*, as these Irish words mean, is admirably taken. It introduces our readers to the scene in the Priest's cabin. The Rev. Father is smoking his pipe, and all around him seem "quiet and aisy, as growing potatoes" which, according to Paddy, "keep the pace, for they say nothing, and make good progress all the time." Of course Faures, Banehees, and all other spirits "barring the Potteen," keep their distance from so holy a place as the Priest's house. The "Potteen," however, is there, and "small blame to it," the little still or pot as the words mean is expressive of the way in which the distillation goes on, on the mountain top, in the wooded ravine, in the cave by the sea, in the turf-house on the bog, and places that Pat assures us, "are out of the way of every where barring themselves." The Priest in this case has a good supply, and according to Pat's ideas "the Priest prefers Potteen to the Parliament, and why should not he, seeing he must be a good judge, as he knows everything, and upwards?"

The Colleen Bawn is approaching her peasant lover, who has somehow or other made his way with a keg of the "Ushque Bah" (Water of Life) to the Priest's cottage, "and more luck to him." (It is from the Irish word "ushqua"—water—that the English phrase "whisky" is derived). The Priest's housekeeper "as large as life," or, as Pat would say, "as big as the side of a house," is "coaxing her duceen," (very short stumpy pipe) by the fire. It is at this juncture they all grow merry and sing "The Cruishkeen Lawn," (the little right-hand pitcher). The "Cruishkeen Lawn" is the favourite receptacle of "the drop of the crathur." It holds a good deal, and is very often emptied and filled again in the hospitable abode of his Riverence. No doubt the "Gra ma chree ma chruishkeen," (dear of my heart, my little pitcher) will be heard as the blaze of the turf fire will be seen far off through the open door.

Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault deserved the success which they won

WRECK ON THE NORFOLK COAST.

SIGNAL lights were seen in the direction of the Cross Sand, on November 30th (reports the Rev. G. W. Steward), and the Calster large lifeboat of the National Lifeboat Institution was thereupon launched, and proceeded in that direction. When she arrived at the Sand she found a large timber-laden barque stranded there. The boat veered down to her, and some of the crew went on board the vessel, when it was reported that another ship on the Sands had been making signals. The lifeboat then proceeded to that part of the bank where the second vessel had struck, and was preparing to veer down to her, when the ship fell over on her broadside. Nothing could be seen of the crew, but their cries for help could be heard as they hailed the lifeboat. Getting closer, the crew of the lifeboat saw the ship's small-boat drifting northward before the wind, and they at once proceeded to her, and rescued from her nine men who had formed the crew of the capsized vessel, which proved to be the barque Anne Scott, of Arbroath, bound from Memel to London, with a cargo of timber. One of the men had a most narrow escape, as in jumping to the lifeboat he missed his aim, fell into the sea, and disappeared for a short time, but he had fortunately caught a line, and was then hauled in safety into the lifeboat. It was most providential that the lifeboat discovered the poor fellows, otherwise they must inevitably have perished, as their boat was unprovided with either oar, sail, rudder, or bucket, and it is only a wonder that they were able to keep before the wind until the lifeboat came up to them; and the small ship's boat could certainly not have lived when the tide turned. It appeared that the men were just getting out the long boat which they had filled with their clothes, &c., when the ship fell over and they lost everything, for they were unable to get into the long boat, and only just managed to jump into the small one, and this was only accomplished at great risk in the midst of the wreck and waves, the men being most imperfectly clad at the time. The lifeboat then

support of Lord Courtier and Sir Lawrence Talk, in East-West Devon. These reverses, however, are of such extremely secondary importance, and were, besides, so entirely anticipated, that they count for less than nothing in striking a balance. Not so with regard to the return of *Captain Booth*, for *Bushmanside*. This is one of the oldest boroughs in the kingdom. Its present influence and general importance are, it is true, not what they have been, indeed it narrowly escaped total disfranchisement by reason of its insignificance: but then consider its antiquity—why, it is as old as Parliament itself. It also possesses many charming drives, a picturesque church, and a most salubrious climate. As to that pettifogging little village—for it is no more—Beaulieu, with its old castle and its old traditions, why, all we can say is that it is quite worthy of its old member, General Veteran, and he of it. We scarcely know which is more tedious to endure, the old ruin with its nineteen towers, or the "old Soldier" with his nineteen scars. We don't want to convert the House of Commons into a Curiosity Shop, otherwise this would be the most satisfactory pocket return of any that has been made.

With regard to the recent reverses at Salchester, Blackriver, and Lightpool, we think them so ridiculously contemptible that they are really beneath notice as possessing any ulterior significance, or pointing to any results whatever. Apart from the mere question of population, what are these towns? They are wealthy, it is true, and are considered intelligent; but they are other and higher influences than either numbers, money, or 'cuteness.' We shall be reminded that—last week—we dwelt much on the importance of the decisions of *Glasingham* and *Birmgaw*, basing this importance on these very questions of population, wealth and intelligence. That is quite true; but every schoolboy knows that what is true in one sense is not true in another. There are populations and populations, just as there is wealth and wealth; and what comparison, we would ask, can be instituted between



SCENE FROM THE "COLLEEN BAWN" AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

by the accommodation of the story of poor Gerard Griffin to the drama. Little he thought when struggling with sickness and adversity that his thrilling story of "The Collegian" would long after he sank into an untimely grave be hailed by multitudes as a work of genius and of beauty; and the characters he created and portrayed with so subtle a pen would be contemplated with delight by numbers not only in the country where he wrote, and from the life of which he drew his story, but in Great Britain, the European Continent, America, and all the English-speaking British Colonies. Pat at home in his "shantee" and "shebeen" no doubt still "roars melodiously."

"Let the farmer love his grounds,
Let the huntsman love his hounds
And boast of the deeds they have done.
But we more blest than they
Spend each happy night and day,
With our pleasant little Cruishkeen Lawn."

GREY or faded Hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORE. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.—Health by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette*. Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W and 121, New North Road, N. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d. 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s.—[ADVT.]

returned to the other ship, and after a short time she was got off and taken northward off Winterton, where she was anchored. The nine men belonging to the other vessel were afterwards taken to Yarmouth in the lifeboat, placed on board a ferry boat, and taken to the Sailors' Home. A yawl and a steamer subsequently put off to the vessel anchored off Winterton, and as the steamer was going northward she came up with the wreck of the ship out of which the crew had been saved, for, being timber laden, she had floated, and had been driven off the Sand. The steamer managed to tow her into Yarmouth-roads, and then on to the beach, where she now is.

A MODEL "LEADER."

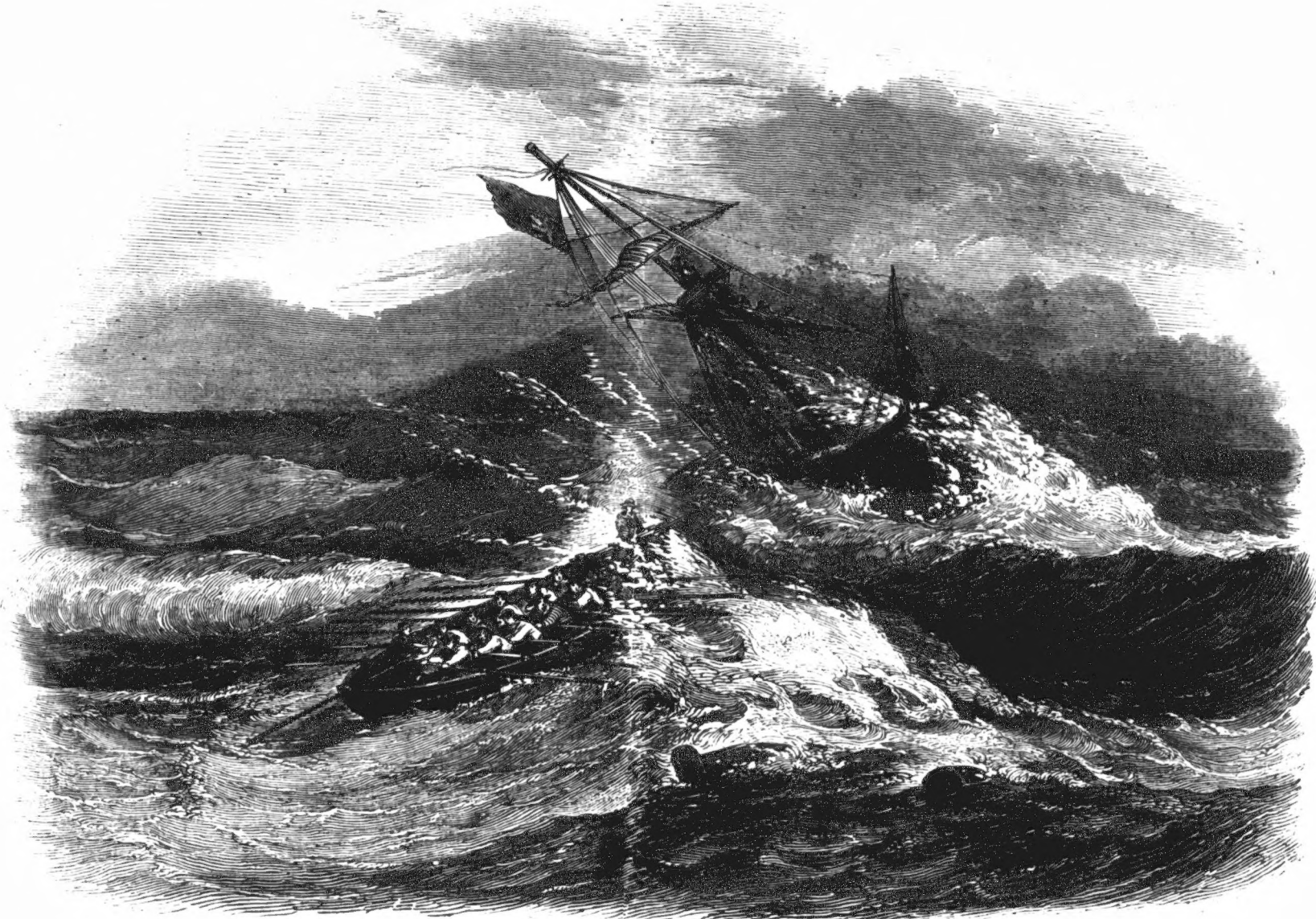
From the *Blackfriars Thunders Weathercock*.

"TO-DAY the gains and losses seem to have nearly balanced each other," [in point of fact they have been as twenty-seven to nine.] "The course of victories in Scotland was continued in North-west Ayrshire, where Mr. Fanny defeated Mr. Montenis in a hard-fought battle—a result which gives promise that the coming fight in South-east Ayrshire will yield a gain to the same side. The undivided county in the last Parliament returned Sir James Bolus without opposition. The significance of this victory it is impossible almost to over-rate. With regard to North-west Kent which has returned Sir John Banker and Mr. Gallere, we profoundly grieve over the infatuation of North-West Kent. It is not easy to understand how an intelligent semi-metropolitan constituency can have hesitated between a policy of peace and free government and the maintenance of an unjust and irritating institution with the high hand of mere force. The hopeless defeat of Captain Lover and Mr. Joey, in East-west Somerset cannot be any great surprise, though it bodes ill for the result of the contest in the Mid-Division of the County; nor is it astonishing that Mr. Ford was unable to overcome the powerful influences in

numbers, however dense, who live on herrings merely salted, and herrings beautifully kippered? The idea is preposterous. As to wealth, money gained by the sale of the mere shreds and waste, the cheese parings and cop bottoms of nations, and money obtained by the high art of "hammer and tongs," are very different things. But, besides all this, there is a much more simple method of accounting for what (persons less well informed than ourselves) really does or did appear most pigheaded obstinacy and that is by referring it to a question of race and stature. It may not be generally known (although we know it) that the male inhabitants of the *Birmgaw* and *Glasingham* districts, measure round the waist exactly thirty-two inches; while those of the *Salchester* and *Blackriver* County never exceed thirty-one and a quarter; and whereas the former generally stand five feet eight in their boots, the latter only reach five feet seven in their socks! after this what more need be said? The whole thing lies in a nutshell—less.—*Manchester Free Lance*.

ERRORS OF SPEECH.

ONE often hears spoken and sees written, and that by fairly educated people, the word "suppositious." There is no such word in the English language; what is meant is "supposititious." There is also a good deal of misapprehension abroad about the meaning of the word "plastic." I have seen it used in print as if it means capability of being moulded, instead of power to mould. It is not the clay of the potter, but the potter's hand that is plastic. So when we speak of Shakespeare's "plastic mind," we ought not to mean as an English review did in using the term the other day, that Shakespeare's mind was moulded by circumstances, but that he had the power to fashion whatever fell in his way to the pattern that pleased him best.—"Fugitive Notes," in "*Cassell's Magazine*" for November.



GALLANT LIFE-BOAT RESCUE OFF THE COAST OF NORFOLK.—(SEE PAGE 801.)



THE LATE DREADFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT HINDLEY, NEAR WIGAN—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—(SEE PAGE 862.)

THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

BORROWED PLUMES.—KING O' SCOTS. Mr. Phelps, Messrs. Addison, Irving, Rouse, &c.; Mesdames Heath, Stuart, Frank Matthews, &c.—And A GRAND BALLET D'ACTION entitled BEDA.

HAYMARKET.

EASY SHAVING.—Messrs. Rogers, Clark, and Gordon; Messrs. Burke and Wright.—PIETRA. Messrs. Howe, Chippendale, Gordon, and Kendal; Mesdames Bateman and Fitzwilliam.—And RURAL FELICITY. Messrs. Buckstone and Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE LONG-ACRE.

At Seven, THE LANCASHIRE LASS. Messrs. H. Irving, S. Emery, L. Brough, J. Clayton, C. Wyndham, and H. M. Terrot; Misses N. Moore and H. Hodson.—To conclude with R. Reece, Esq.'s Piece of Extravagance, entitled THE STRANGER, STRANGER THAN EVER. Messrs. L. Brough, Stephens, and Seyton; and Misses Hodson, Everard, and Kate Santley.

PRINCESS'S.

THE SECRET.—AFTER DARK; A TALE OF LONDON LIFE. Mr. Vining, Messrs. W. Lacy, Dominick Murray, Harcourt, Shore, &c.; Misses E. Barnett and Rose Leclercq.—And MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton. At Half-past Seven, ATCHU! Messrs. Blakeley, Montgomery; Misses C. Addison and A. Wilton.—After which T. W. Robertson's celebrated Comedy, SOCIETY. Messrs. J. Clarke, Hare, H. J. Montague, Blakeley, Montgomery, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White and Miss Carlotta Addison.

THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.

Under the Management of Miss Fanny Josephs. At Seven, BLOW FOR BLOW. Messrs. Honey, Cowper, Haynes, Arthur, Westland, and Parselle; Mesdames Foote, Rignold, and Weatherby.—After which at half-past Nine, LUCRETIA BORGIA, M.D. LA GRANDE DOCTRESSE. Messrs. Honey, Drew, Hughes, and Arthur; Mesdames Weatherby, Sidney, Joy, Lovell, and Fanny Josephs.

OLYMPIC.

At Seven, SLASHER AND CRASHER. Messrs. Vincent, Taylor, Vaughan, and Atkins; Mrs. Caulfield and Miss Shavey.—After which, at a Quarter to Eight, THE YELLOW PASSPORT. Messrs. H. Neville, Vincent, and Wigan; Mesdames Furtado, Shavey, and Caulfield.

GLOBE THEATRE ROYAL.

At Seven, GOOD FOR NOTHING.—At a quarter to Eight, H. J. Byron's original Comedy, in Five Acts, CYRIL'S SUCCESS. Messrs. E. Marshall, Warner, Vernon, Fisher, Newbourn, Hurlstone, and J. Clarke, &c.; Mesdames Thorne, Hughes, &c.

ADELPHI.

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL? Monte Cristo. Seven.

STRAND.

At Seven, A WIDOW HUNTER. Messrs. Clarke, Belford, and Joyce; Misses Bufton and Maitland.—THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. Messrs. Thorne, Jones, Robson, and Fenton; Miss Goodall, &c.—And MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE.

BRITANNIA.

DAVID HUNT, THE BACKWOODSMAN. Mr. J. Reynolds and Miss Harcourt.—Miss L. Sherrington and Mr. P. M'Haffie.—THE BEGGAR'S PETITION. Mr. Pitt and Miss Henderson.—And THE BALLINASLOE BOY. Miss Booth.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten. ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight. POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten. MADAME TUSSEAU'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten. ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight. ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

THE NEW CABINET.

The Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen received a title which, however, was not for the first time applied—"The ministry of all the talents." The epithet may be much more appropriately given to that which has now been formed. Mr. Gladstone held an important, but still subordinate place in the Aberdeen Government, and when his experience was much less than it now is. Since then his judgment has ripened, and he has acquired the

only quality of a premier in which he was deficient, tact in leading and managing "the House." Certainly there is no statesman whose mind has been so progressive. It is the most remarkable of all Mr. Gladstone's peculiarities, that he is ever a learner, ever seeking after truth, ever "hungering and thirsting" after knowledge and righteousness. What he sees to be just he has the manhood to attempt, and by means the most straightforward. Never did two leaders present such a contrast in the House of Commons in this respect than William Ewart Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli. Mr. Gladstone was educated in all the prejudices of class and of ecclesiastical ascendancy, and he has trained his own mind into habits of impartial investigation and homage to truth. His great opponent has submitted himself to a painstaking culture in all the refinements of subtle prevarication, until he stands before the world, like Milton's Satan, with the avowed motto "Evil, be thou my good." We shall have no longer the demoralising exhibition of the chief minister of the crown, as the chief trickster and political juggler in the kingdom, or in the world. The presence of Mr. Gladstone in the new House of Commons as its leader and Her Majesty's chief counsellor inaugurates an era of peace, economy, and justice. In the chief offices of the Cabinet he has surrounded himself by men of the highest eminence. One of the most important posts is that of President of the Council, because its possessor is in a situation of turning his attention to every department of the state, like the Premier himself; Earl De Grey is admirably adapted by his good sense, moderation, industry, amiability, and talent to the office. The Foreign Secretaryship has devolved upon the only man in the Whig party who could fitly assume it, and there is no man of any party in any country of Europe who possesses so wide and profound an experience of European politics. It is likely that this is a department with which Mr. Gladstone will interfere less than with any other. The country has escaped a calamity which many feared, the accession of Earl Russell to an office which he filled before neither with credit to his country nor himself. It is also a matter of congratulation that the noble Earl is not President of the Council, where his old faculty of "meddle and muddle" would have full scope. Yet, as a true liberal, and a man of great experience, the country would be glad to see him an unofficial member of the Cabinet. Possibly his oldest friends and adherents, the Dissenters, would prefer that he took no part whatever in the councils of the present Cabinet, as his disposition to endow the Irish Roman Catholic Church, one of his oldest hobbies, is believed to be as strong as ever. The Duke of Argyll is well fitted for the post of Secretary of India, although Mr. Bright was generally regarded as the coming man for that office. Mr. Bright has made India his study. Some of the best speeches ever delivered on Indian affairs in the House have been by the Hon., now Right Hon., Member for Birmingham. But as a Quaker he could not hold a post where he might be so frequently exposed to the difficulty of deliberating on the expediency of employing armed force. The Duke of Argyll meets the exigency. He is, moreover, a good debater and a most upright and honourable man. It is to be hoped, however, that he will be less fussy than formerly, and that it will not appear to him necessary to be everlastingly popping up and down about the Wool-sack, setting the Lord Chancellor and other noble Lords right. The Earl of Derby on one occasion gave a withering rebuke to this peculiarity of the energetic nobleman, and it is to be hoped he will not bring upon himself another. The debating power which Mr. Gladstone has secured in the Lords is very considerable. Earls Russell, Clarendon, De Grey, Granville, Kimberley, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Argyll. It is rumoured also that the Lord Chief Justice will be called to the Upper House, and Sir Roundell Palmer also, notwithstanding his present objections. Earl Granville is one of the most efficient of the Premier's lieutenants, but it is much to be doubted if he be "the right man in the right place." One of the most troublesome and delicate tasks of the Colonial Office, as well as of the India Office, is the management of ecclesiastical matters. Some of our colonies, such as the Cape of Good Hope, Jamaica, &c., are torn with religious dissensions and agitations, and they are all of a kind with which Earl Granville will find it as difficult to deal as the Duke of Argyll would find it easy. There is, however, a conciliatory and courtly manner with the noble Earl which will assist him. He is also a thorough worker, and the Colonial Secretaryship is the most laborious in the Cabinet. Mr. Lowe, it is generally believed, would be a more suitable Colonial Minister than Lord Granville, and no one better adapted to it than Mr. Bright.

The Lord Chancellorship has been wisely conferred, for although the Upper House has no chairman or president, the occupant of the woolsack virtually performs the duty of such, and Sir W. Page Wood will command universal respect.

If Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in surrounding his Ministry with popular confidence by the selection of discreet and eloquent officials for the Upper House, he is still more fortunate in the Lower; himself a host, he has the most eloquent debaters of the day to assist him. John Bright as President of the Board of Trade is well designated, and he will speak with more power and authority when actually acquainted with the councils of the Cabinet. Mr. Lowe is one of the most able and eloquent men in the country. It is believed that he is not well suited to the appointment given to him, but it is said that Mr. Gladstone has for a long time considered otherwise. With Bruce in the Home Office, Childers at the Admiralty, Goschen at the Poor Law Board, Sir R.

Collier and Mr. Coleridge as Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, the debating power of the Ministry will be very strong. It is a matter for congratulation that a man so able and honest as Mr. Goschen should be nominated to the Poor Law Board, the worst managed department of the Government, a nest of nepotism, trickery, and public wrong. It is also a matter for congratulation that Mr. Chichester Fortescue, has been appointed Secretary for Ireland, and that he has a seat in the Cabinet. The day has gone by when that post is to be filled with young aspirants; or self-willed capricious men like the present Sir Robert Peel; it requires the wisdom, temper, eloquence, and business capacity of such a man as Mr. Fortescue or Mr. Bright. The office of Lord Lieutenant would be well filled by the Marquis of Hartington; but Earl Russell would be more acceptable to the Irish than any other statesman. The Board of Works has become a very important department indeed; and it is well that the Hon. Mr. Cowper is not again in charge of it; no more useful man could have been selected than Mr. Layard. A stronger, more compact, more eloquent, and more liberal Cabinet has not existed in England since the Reform Bill of 1832.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

EVENTS in Spain have not travelled lately so noiselessly and prosperously, as immediately after the success of the revolution. There have been popular demonstrations of a menacing nature, and indications throughout the Peninsula of decreased confidence in the Provisional Government. There can be no doubt of the reasonableness of the public impression. The Government upon assuming the reins of power declared that a constituent assembly elected by universal suffrage should be at once convoked, by which the form of the future Government should be decreed, the Government itself maintaining a strict neutrality upon the question. None of these pledges have been kept. No one is permitted to exercise the Franchise unless he has completed his 25th year, and various local restrictions besides have been contrived especially in Madrid. Queen Isabella fled from Spain in September and the elections have not yet taken place but are postponed until next month, and the assembling of the constituent Cortes has been postponed until later in February. It is not to be supposed that such delays would be regarded otherwise than with suspicion. The questions are asked from the Ebro to the Mediterranean why does the Provisional Government keep in its own hands the administration of affairs? Why are not the elections ordered at once; and why should there be a delay of more than a month after they do take place before the chosen of the people are permitted to assemble? Why does Prim garrison Madrid with a large army as if a conquered city? And why are not the citizens called upon to be the volunteer soldiers of the State? So far from maintaining a judicious neutrality as to the future form of Government, the provisional junta have publicly declared for Monarchy. This has occurred while Isabella is maintaining the form of a court in her exile, and declaring her conviction that either she will be recalled or the Prince of the Asturias will reign in her stead! It is also believed that Louis Napoleon is using every exertion and influence in favour of monarchy in Spain, and that he especially favours the Prince of the Asturias or the brother-in-law of his cousin Prince Napoleon. Prim is a personal friend of the Bonapartes, a very intimate one of Prince Napoleon. Serrano, although he revolted against the Queen, was her first lover, upon whom she heaped favours, and her unblushing conduct towards whom filled Madrid with disgust. It is supposed that he is not insensible to gratitude, and favours the election of the Prince of the Asturias under the safeguard of the regency of Espartero. But M. Olozaga is the *Deus ex Machina* of "the general junta." He is clever, cunning and not wholly scrupulous. He was a pensioner of Isabella, up to the period of her flight, and had been in former years an instrument of her intrigues. He is suspected of being corruptly under the influence of the French Emperor, and unites with Prim in pushing the candidature of a son of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. Olozaga is now in Paris, where his proceedings are not entirely satisfactory to the Spanish people. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is a motto the Provisional Government should adopt where the liberties of the people are concerned. Those liberties should be at once conceded, the franchise at once exercised, and the assembly immediately convened when elected. Every day's delay endangers the public peace, and provokes the peril of a new revolution, or a civil war. Wherever Louis Napoleon places his finger there is mischief. His ends are not the welfare of nations, but of dynasties; his ideas of Government are not policy, but imposture and intrigue. The Spaniards should quietly but firmly insist upon the prompt establishment of regular Government through the Cortes. Nothing has occurred in Europe since the liberation of Italy more inspiring to Englishmen than the moral grandeur of the Spanish revolution; and we still trust that the land of the vine and the olive will prosper and be free.

THE LAST OF THE ELECTIONS.

THE election of Mr. Moncreiff as representative of the new constituency of Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities is the closing event of the general election. Mr. Moncreiff's return to Parliament, and his appointment to his old office of Lord Advocate, have taken place almost simultaneously. That both the Scottish University constituencies should have elected Liberal members is almost more than we could have ventured to anticipate. Out of the sixty members Scotland has elected to the Imperial Parliament, fifty-three are supporters of Mr. Gladstone. This is equivalent to the total number of members Scotland had in the late Parliament.

Owing to the vacancy caused by death at Wareham, Mr. Moncreiff's election does not increase the Liberal majority, which therefore remains at 110. Mr. Moncreiff is very unpopular amongst Scotch dissenters.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The following list comprises the appointments so far as they can be ascertained up to the moment of our going to press:—

THE CABINET.

First Lord of the Treasury	Mr. Gladstone.
Lord Chancellor	Sir W. Page Wood.
Lord President of the Council	Earl de Grey.
Lord Privy Seal	Earl of Kimberley.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Lowe.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Mr. Childers.
Foreign Secretary	Earl of Clarendon.
Secretary of War	Mr. Cardwell.
Secretary for India	Duke of Argyll.
Secretary for the Colonies	Earl Granville.
Secretary for the Home Department	Mr. Bruce.
President of the Board of Trade	Mr. Bright.
Secretary for Ireland	Mr. C. Fortescue.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland	Mr. Justice O'Hagan.
Attorney-General	Sir R. Collier.
Solicitor-General	Mr. Coleridge.
Lord Advocate	Mr. Moncreiff.

Mr. Layard is spoken of for the Board of Works, and Mr. Stansfeld, it is rumoured, is to be the new Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

The appointment of Mr. Stansfeld to that office would be very popular and very appropriate, and the Indian Under-Secretaryship would then be open to Mr. Ayrton, who is eminently fitted for it. One of the most interesting rumours of yesterday assigned the junior ministerial post at the Board of Trade to Mr. W. H. Gladstone. Those who heard his pithy and excellent speech on the Irish Church Question will be prepared, on his own account, as well as in reference to his father's interest for his future, to congratulate him either on this or on any other suitable introduction to official life.

We may mention as probable the appointment of Lord Hartington as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It is understood that none of the subordinate offices will be filled up until after the Cabinet has met; but we understand that the following appointments are probable:—Lord Dufferin or Lord Spencer, Under-Secretary for War; Lord Moynan, Under-Secretary for the Home Department; Mr. Otway, Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Mr. Adam, and Captain White, Junior Lords of the Treasury.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

PUGILISM.

This undesirable form of sport is again renewing, a terrible contest resulting in a drawn battle was fought last week in Birmingham between two men named Peeney and Yellow.

HUNTING.

THERE have been no less than 120 meets within the week, Harriers 22. In Scotland there have been ten of Fox Hounds, and 2 of Harriers. In Ireland there have been three meets with Stag Hounds, 40 of Fox Hounds and 21 with Harriers.

OXFORD ATHLETIC SPORTS.

AFTER we went to press last week these came off. These popular races came off on the running ground, and although the weather was rough and looked stormy, a large number of the members of the club were present to witness the contests.

FOOT-RACE FROM RAMSGATE TO DOVER.

ONE of the longest "hare and hounds" on record took place between Ramsgate and Dover on Tuesday last. By the Deal-road the distance is 22½ miles, but that selected for the occasion is two miles shorter and better going. Eighteen gentlemen, without the slightest preparation or training, started, and did the entire distance under four hours. The shortest time taken was that of one of the "hares," Mr. J. L. Molloy, of the Temple, who ran the distance in two hours forty-five minutes; the next fastest being two hours and forty-nine minutes, the result of a dead heat between M. H. B. Hammond and Mr. H. Beevor, two of the "hounds." Taking into consideration the fact that the runners were altogether out of training, and that in such cases every mile after five or six tells, the time was unexceptionable.

FOX-HUNTING IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

RESPECTING Mr. Frewen's threat to clear the country of foxes if he were not returned to parliament for North Leicestershire, the sporting correspondent of the *Leicester Journal* says:—"A rumour has been afloat at Melton which, if true, shows that a certain threat made lately is about to be carried out as far as one family in the county can carry it out. It was currently reported here that Mr. Talbot had received from the owner of the Cold Overton estates a notice to keep off the land. It is to be sincerely hoped that a family 'who have for so many years been friends to fox-hunting' have not taken this ill-adviced step, and that a flat contradiction will emanate from a sure quarter, because, whilst the reported interdiction will have no effect upon the sport in Leicestershire in general, it will bring down obloquy and cause a blot on the family escutcheon which several generations will not get rid of."

Really strong and cheap tea is secured by purchasing Horniman's pure tea. It has for the past thirty years enjoyed a preference in all parts of the kingdom.—[ADVT.]

BREAKFAST.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—The *Civil Service Gazette* has the following:—"There are very few simpler articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa, that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Far and wide the reputation of Epps's Cocoa has spread by the simple force of its own extraordinary merits. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. This superiority of a particular mode of preparation over all others is a remarkable proof of the great results to be obtained from little causes. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." [ADVT.]

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE National Choral Society on Wednesday nights is most successful.

THE concerts of the Paris Conservatoire are announced to begin on Sunday, the 13th instant.

SATURDAY'S Crystal Palace Concert was of a less miscellaneous character than any of the preceding ones this season.

A COMMISSION has been appointed to compose a funeral mass in honour of Rossini, to be executed with great pomp in Lent at Rome.

A NEW work, by Professor Gervinus, on Handel and Shakespeare, is creating great interest in musical circles abroad. No doubt an English translation will speedily be brought out.

MR. CHARLES LEE, architect of Her Majesty's Theatre, informs the *Athenaeum* that ample funds were provided to rebuild the theatre by Earl Dudley and the insurance offices before the works were commenced.

DR. BENNETT'S "Woman of Samaria" is winning its way into the provincial ear. It was given at Mr. Halle's fourth Manchester Concert, and pleased, despite insufficient rehearsal. At the same concert, Mr. Halle brought forward Beethoven's Mass in C.

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of Rossini, the deceased maestro, painted from life when he was in London, is now at South Kensington. As a work of art it is not of very great value, but it is the best portrait painted during his only visit to London.

MR. SOTHERN has just concluded an engagement to appear in New York, at Booth's New Theatre, on the 4th of October next. His terms are the highest ever yet offered to a "star" visiting the United States. He commences his farewell performances at the Haymarket in May next.

At the last "Gewandhaus" Concert, Master Frederick Cowen played Henselt's Cradle-song and Chopin's "Polonaise" in A flat. Herr Gutzmacher, the violinist, was also heard, and the "entr'actes" from Schubert's "Rosamunde" were performed.

THE play "Leah," which has drawn crowds to the Haymarket since the first night of Miss Bateman's engagement is withdrawn to make room for a tragedy entitled "Pietra," likewise from the pen of Herr Mosenthal. This piece is in verse, and belongs to a more elevated school than the story of the forsaken Jewess.

DEFINITE information is at last gained as to the St. James's Theatre is now announced to open on the 26th inst. (Boxing-night), with a new drama and grand extravaganza by a well-known author. The director is to be a French actress, Madlle. de la Ferté. The management is advertising for "ladies of elegant appearance to fill some of the principal roles."

SEVERAL novelties are forthcoming at the Vaudeville. Among them are a five act drama by M. Robert Halt, hitherto known only as a novelist; "Le Macaroni," a one-act piece, written by Mr. Lubiche for Arnal; "Autour du Lac," a vaudeville, also in one act, and "Miss Multon," a three-act comedy, by MM. Eugène Nus and A. Belot, in which Madlle. Fargueil will return to the Vaudeville.

We are delighted to hear that Miss Francis Bonverie, who, so much charmed us last season at the Haymarket Theatre has been most successful at Manchester, she is a young lady of great refinement, grace, and beauty. Possessing a voice of melody, sweetness, and great distinctness and power she promises to be a great favourite with the public, and may we often be able to record her triumphs. As a Shakespearean tragic actress she stands without a rival.

MADAME CARVALHO has declined to interfere with her manager's previously-made arrangements, and therefore relinquishes to Madlle. Nilsson the task of "creating" the part of Marguerite. The Parisians refuse to learn that the young Swedish singer has played here in "Faust" during two seasons. Madame Carvalho at the present revival, at the Grand Opera, of "Les Huguenots," has made a hit as the Queen, a part which she also has played here, and the music of which suits her to a nicety.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, who has been staying in Paris, has, it is said, offered M. Offenbach 25,000fr. (£1,000) to write the music to a sequel to the "Grand Duc," under the title of "The Grand Duchess more Married than Settled," and M. Offenbach has the proposal under consideration. Mr. Paul suggests that the vicious "Duchess" should marry "Prince Paul," henpeck him; that a blacksmith should be sent for to put straight the twisted *sabre de mon sire*, and that a legend of the celebrated *sabre* should be given. The libretto will be furnished by two English authors. If M. Offenbach accepts this offer, it will be the first English libretto he has attempted.

THE subscription to the concerts of the Philharmonic Society has been reduced from four guineas to three, two, and one. The first concert is fixed for Wednesday the 10th of March, but the other concerts are to take place as heretofore, on Monday. So the old society has not only abandoned its exclusive, its almost prohibitory, tariff, and its famous meeting-place in Hanover-square, but even, for the first concert at least, its prescriptive Monday, for the sake of which it some years ago sacrificed its entire orchestra. Let us hope that a new career of usefulness is opening to a society which in its best days did good service. Mr. Cusins has a difficult task before him, but he is young and enthusiastic—the two best qualities wherewith to win success.

ALTHOUGH Rossini himself, in a recently written letter, playfully referred to his being styled by his compatriots the "Swan of Pesaro," another place has just claimed the honour of giving him birth. The municipal Council of Lugo, a small town in the province of Ravenna, is about to publish the acts and documents that establish their home to have been his birthplace. The members of the Council are decidedly in earnest, for they have not only sent to Madame Rossini a letter of condolence, but have decreed a statue to Rossini, and resolved that the house in which he was born should be purchased by the commune and dedicated to the memory of the master. It is now reported that Madame Rossini has consented to the removal of the body to Italy. Will it go to Pesaro or Lugo? We trust to neither: Rossini's dust should mingle with that of the many great men who rest at Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence.

THE death is announced of M. Félicien Mallefille, a well-known French dramatist. M. Mallefille was in his fifty-sixth year, and was born in the Ile de France. His first dramatic composition was "Glenarvon," represented in 1835 at the Ambigu Comique. From this time forward he wrote constantly for the stage. Among the best-known of his works are "Psyche," played at the Vaudeville in 1845,—"Forta Spada," produced at the Gaité in 1849,—"Le Cour et la Dut" and "Les Deux Veuves," both brought out at the Théâtre Français, the former in 1858 and the latter in 1860,—"and "Les Mères Repenties," produced at the Porte St. Martin and re-produced at the Vaudeville. His "Scéptiques," written last year for the Théâtre Français, but played at the Théâtre Cluny, was also a great success. At the time of his death M. Mallefille was engaged upon the composition of a piece for M. Harnant, of the Vaudeville, entitled "Le Gentilhomme Bourgeois," which remains unfinished.

MADAME CARVALHO has been engaged at the Grand Opera to sustain the part of the Queen in "Les Huguenots," the present reproduction of which opera the manager seems determined to make remarkable. The engagement has given Madlle. Nilsson the opportunity of writing a graceful letter, in which she offers to resign to Madame Carvalho the character of Marguerite in the forthcoming production of "Faust." Such courtesies are rare enough to demand notice. The following is a copy of the letter to the director of the Grand Opera:—"Sir,—The engagement of Madame Carvalho, beginning just as the rehearsals of 'Faust' were about to commence, dictates to me the natural duty of re-

storing to her the character of Marguerite, which she has acted with such great success. I the more owe this homage to the celebrated singer, as I made my first appearance on the French stage by her side, and received a welcome which I can never forget. Glad, therefore, in these circumstances, to be able to show my respect for the eminent talent of Madame Carvalho, I place myself at your immediate disposal for any other of the characters included in her engagement."

TAKEN FROM THE ENGLISH.—A new drama founded upon Mrs. Wood's novel of "East Lynne," has just been produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Paris. A correspondent of the *Nord*, in noticing the performances, says:—"This drama, assuredly one of the best and most moving which has been represented for a long time, is taken, if I mistake not, from an English novel entitled 'Isabella,' the author of which I cannot for the life of me remember. My neighbours were not more successful than I in this respect, and we shall have to wait for Monday's *feuilletons* to be sure on the point, for at the end of the performance the names of Messieurs Eugene Nus and Adolphe Belot were alone announced, amid the applause of the whole house. It seems, however, that the success was great enough for a small share of it to have fallen to the English author, though he may have merely invented the powerful dramatic situation upon which the drama depends. Our authors, who sharply protest against the free and easy way in which the playwrights on the other side of the Channel borrow the idea and the development of their works, ought at least to practise what they preach."

NEW MUSIC.

"OU SONT NOS AMOUREUX?" Serenade à quatre voix de Femmes. By Giacinto Marras. (Robert W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street, W.)

"BELL' ANGIOLETTA." Melodia, a 4 voci. Composta da Giacinto Marras. (Olivier.)

"LA FORIERA D'APRILE." Melodia, par voce di contralto. Da Paolo Pergetti. (Olivier.)

"BREAK, Break, Break." Song. By William Boyd. (Olivier.)

"AN Afternoon in February." Vocal duet. By Hon. Victoria Grosvenor. (Olivier.)

ELECTION NOTES.

AMENITIES OF THE HUSTINGS.

(From the *Manchester Free Lance*.)

THE elections are—let us be thankful—now, to all intents and purposes over. There has occurred during the fortnight for which they have lasted much that is highly instructive: some things that were rather amusing. We leave the graver portion to more solemn journals, *Good Words*, the *Examiner* and *Times*, the *Police News*, &c., confining our own remarks to the amusing department. This, it is safe to say, consists in what may be termed the rhetoric of the elections. We have already quoted some samples. More remain, however, than we have space for: which is a pity, for more reasons than two. One reflection which has doubtless occurred to many persons who have carefully watched the progress of events, is that whereas certain persons wish to Americanize our institutions, others desire to Yankeeify only our language—or to speak more exactly our speeches. And although we are still far behind those great masters, members of Congress, it is only fair to say that good progress has been made by a few of the disciples of the particular style of oratory which is or was popular with certain members of the Reform League, Mister Finlen, and others of the advanced school. Thus in Cambridgeshire we have one hon. candidate giving the other the lie direct on the hustings; and in various parts of the kingdom some pretty considerable rhetorical sparring has taken place. We have not, as we have said, space for lengthened quotations; in fact, we can only enshrine in our imperishable columns the gems of the whole collection: one of the amiable, the other of the cantankerous order.

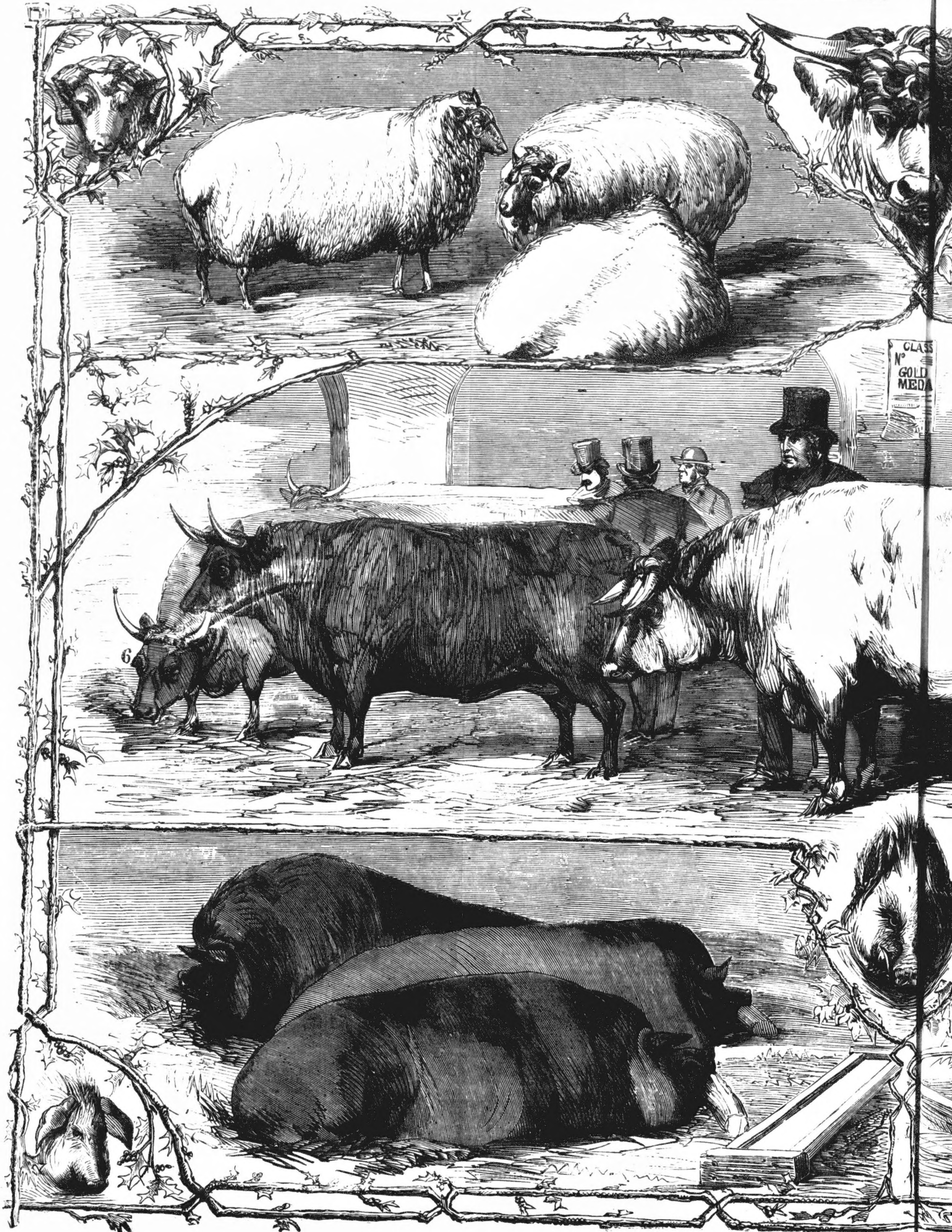
At the Waterford nomination, Sir Henry Baron, one of the candidates, rose amidst terrific cheering, and commenced: Here I am, fresh and blooming as a rose. I can tell Mr. Kelly and his friend to the right that I am ready, in point of substance, and intellect, and animal strength, to ride a race with his friend—to run a race—or to sing a song with him—and I leave you to determine who is to be the conqueror. (A voice: "I wouldn't doubt you; faith, you're the same old game cock still.")

Now in the face of the fact which has already begun to cast a shadow of alarm over the newspaper world, that the new and reformed will also be an intolerably dull House of Commons, it is rather a pity this "old game cock" has lost his election. He is "no orator as Brutus is," but what of that? Don't be unreasonable, you can't have everything. Just consider the man's other accomplishments, and when you reflect that two hon. gentlemen alone uttered, during the recent campaign, no less than ninety-three thousand nine hundred and four words, and seeing that there are generally two sittings a day, surely Parliament need never fear being hard up for speeches!

The other orator, to whom is assigned the distinguished honour of prominence in the Free Lance, is an ex-under-society of State. He beats the baronial cockerow.

At Southwark, Mr. Layard and his colleague Mr. Lacke, thought they were to have a walk-over; but, at the eleventh hour, Aid. Cotton started. Layard went mad at this, and these are some of his outbursts, frothing and raging, and shaking his fist; "I am a believer in omens. Now, at the beginning of the meeting I saw a horse go by, and I am convinced that in that horse will be carried away the remains of Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Cotton. Mr. Cotton's appearance here is an insult and affront to me personally. It is the grossest impudence, the most unparalleled, the most monstrous. Mr. Cotton's forward is a base and dishonouring manoeuvre, and he is doing his best to corrupt and disgrace the borough."

SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ATLANTIC.—Intelligence reached Liverpool on Thursday of the arrival at St. Helena of the barque *Euphrosyne*. Captain Christie reports that on October 9, when in lat. 26.38 S., lon. 52.32 E., he experienced strong gales and squalls, with a tremendous confused sea running, together with thunder and lightning from N.W., the barometer rising and falling two-thirds of an inch at each squall, the lowest drop being at 29.20. The topgallant yards and masts were sent down, and the vessel hove to for 20 hours under mizen staysail, which was afterwards blown away. Captain Christie then bore away, and scudded under bare poles for four hours, but finding the weather getting worse the ship was again hove to for four hours, the wind changing from E. to N.E. and from N. N.W. When the weather moderated the masts and yards were sent up, sail set, and the vessel put on her voyage. At midnight, on the 8th and 9th of November, in latitude about 16.40 S., lon. 4 W., the sky suddenly became overcast with dense black-looking clouds, and in all directions was heard a noise like distant cannonading, while the sea was very confused. The compass vibrated very much, and almost lost its polarity. Several large meteors shot out from the heavens, and the fish jumped out of the sea and struck against the sides of the ship, which trembled so that the rumbling could be distinctly felt as well as heard. The volcanic action of the sea continued during the night until sunrise, when the weather became clear and settled. There was a slight breeze all the time of the rumbling from S.E., but there was no perceptible variation in either barometer. Captain Christie is of opinion that the vessel at the time of the noise was passing over some fearful submarine convulsion.



ROYAL SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.



THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

As a great many false reports are in circulation concerning the mode of life practised by the ex-Queen of Spain at the public hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, it may be well to state a few facts. It was pretty generally announced, on the arrival of the Queen in Paris, that Her Majesty intended to keep up, like the royal family of the two Sicilies at Rome, a sort of Court and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the events of the last week or two seem to bear out the report. Thus on the Queen's *fête-day* (the 19th of last month) Queen Isabella, in the largest room of the hotel, held a *Baileman*. Her Majesty was surrounded by the King Consort, the Prince of Asturias, and other children, together with the chamberlain and ladies of honour. As usual at Court receptions the Nuncio headed the diplomatic corps, which was constituted of the Russian and Belgian Ambassadors, and M. Hidalgo, who was Mexican Minister in Paris during the reign of the unfortunate Austrian prince. There were some members of other legations, but not Ministers. The Emperor sent the Duke de Cambaceres, his grand-master of the ceremonies. There were persons who represented the ex-King of the two Sicilies, and the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. A number of Spaniards presented themselves, but only a few of the names were given. The telegraph brought the little Court loving messages from Queen Christina, Pius IX., the Count and Countess de Girgenti, some of the fallen sovereigns of Italy, and the Emperor of Austria. The Queen has great faith in the restoration of her dynasty, and will keep up her little Government and Court in anticipation of event. Her Majesty's credulity must be greater than the most venturesome could have given her credit for!

The news from Spain continues to be anything but reassuring. A strike of workmen began at Madrid yesterday morning, in consequence of Senor Romero having issued a circular to the Mayor, ordering the daily wages of all workmen employed by the municipality to be reduced one real; and a *fracas* between Republicans and Monarchists, which led to the intervention of the military, is reported from Tarragona. It will be seen that our correspondent, in his letter published to-day, notes the growing mistrust of the Provisional Government among the Republicans, and the imminent danger in which the country was a few days ago of a new insurrection breaking out. One cannot understand why the Government should not have done all in its power to put an end to this state of things, by taking immediate steps to ascertain the will of the nation as to the form of government. It seems at length, however, to have recognised the gravity of the occasion. According to decrees published yesterday, the general elections are to take place on the 15th of January, and the Cortes will meet on the 11th of February.

SYMPATHY OF ENGLISH ENGLISH CATHOLICS WITH THE ROYALIST PARTY IN SPAIN.

The Rev. Dr. G., Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool opened a new chapel at Waterloo, near Liverpool. In his sermon the bishop referred to the recent revolution in Spain and to the question of the Irish Church. Speaking of the former, he said—In Spain recently the priests and monks had been compelled to fly, while their property, movable and immovable, had been confiscated by a class of men who were unknown to history, and who were possessed of nothing but that which the Queen whom they had expelled had given to them. And yet in England the people were pleased at the Spanish revolution and the ejection of the Queen without a coin as a homeless wanderer. And this was done in the name of liberty. The revolutionists proclaimed the nation free, and what was the first use they made of that freedom? To expel men whose only crime was that they were Churchmen—men who had never committed a crime for which they could be called before the civil courts. For his own part he would like to read among the allocutions of his Holiness the Pope an instruction to the monks and priests to arm—to stand on their thresholds and stay the first man who had dared to put his impious hands on their property. In England what was sacrilege, in Spain was not sacrilege. The Queen and Parliament transferred the jurisdiction which the Pope formerly held over the Church in this country to the Crown, and hence what would be sacrilege Church was not sacrilege in the Established Church of England.—*Revolution Spanish.*

OUR DEAD LITTLE ONE.

WHEN Death came for our babe that day,
He did not hurt her much, dear love,
In placing wings upon our dove,
That she, sweet thing, might flee away.
Just as the night when it is spent,
And morning dawns, or like a thought
That leaves the soul and is upcaught
Into a Heaven of Dreams, she went.
And we stood gazing at the light
That wreathed her round when she did go,
Until it vanished in the woe
Of walking henceforth in the night.
She nestled here, our precious dove,
Upon the green boughs of the heart,
And well she played her little part
In singing songs of Hope and Love.
There's much of beauty here unfurled:
Oh blessed God, the flowers are sweet
That twine themselves around our feet,
And love can make a happy world.
But beauty somehow less hath given
To our poor eyes of late, and now
We've sought for aching breast and brow
Save glimpses of the distant Heaven;
Save glimpses of that Better Land,
Made clear to us through sufferings here,
That lift us nearer and more near,
Each time God bows us with His hand.
And we shall get so near one day,
That we shall hear our darling's feet
Upon the starry pavement beat,
For joy that we are come that way.
And we shall fold and clasp again
In arms of love the love we miss,
And end all greetings with a kiss
That shall seal up the gates of pain.

MATTHEW BARR.

ORIGIN OF BOTTLED ALE.—If we may believe old Fuller, bottled ale, like most other great discoveries, owes its origin to accident. Alexander Nowell, the reputed author of the greater part of the "Church Catechism," was a Protestant divine in the terrible days of Queen Mary, and an enthusiastic angler. "So that," says Fuller, with his usual quaintness, "whilst Nowell was a-catchin' of fishes, Bonner was a-catchin' of Nowell." Nowell heard of his danger while pursuing his favourite sport, and decamped without returning home to make any preparation for his flight. In his haste he left a bottle of beer on the bank of the stream, and on his return, "in the first year of England's deliverance, went thither to see if haply it might still remain." He found "no bottle but a gun, such was the sound at the opening thereof; and this," says Fuller, "is believed—casually being the mother of more inventions than industry—to be the original of bottled beer in England."—*Fugitive Notes,* in "Cassell's Magazine" for November.

THE GARDEN.

PLANT HOUSES.

AMONGST the orchids suitable for a cool house, and which thrive well in any ordinary stove temperature, may be named varieties of *zygopetalum* and *lycaste*, *dendrobium chrysanthum*, *calanthe vestita rosea*, *cymbidium sinense*, *cripripedium insignis*, *encidium flexuosum*, &c. Too much cannot be said in favour of these and other similar varieties, which go so far to embellish our houses at this season of the year. *Eucharis amazonica* may also be mentioned. Several pots of this have been treated precisely as suggested in this calendar from time to time (though they are only in 32 and 24-sized pots), and are now throwing up strong spikes, each one bearing from four to six beautiful blooms. One fact regarding the treatment of these plants should not be forgotten, which is, that established and matured flowering bulbs, have a decided aversion to the soil around the bulbs and to the roots being loosened. They may be potted or shifted on with impunity, but the soil should not be removed from the old ball. A liberal treatment always ensures success in the culture of this plant. Cuttings of poinsettia—that bright and popular Christmas plant—struck last September, and in only 48-sized pots, are now one foot in height, having bright crimson bracts not less than 12 inches in diameter. The temperature of stoves should not, now that the days are approaching their shortest, exceed a mean of from 55° to 58°, the atmosphere should be kept as dry as possible, compatible with the requirements of the inmates. I state this from the fact that, in a variety of structures, difference exists as to the kind of plants grown. Some are filled with hard-wooded summer-flowering plants, whilst others are almost exclusively filled with soft-wooded or winter-blooming plants. The atmosphere of the former should be cool and dry, and as nearly approaching the minimum temperature given above as possible, so far as artificial heat is concerned; whilst the latter, in order to keep the plants vigorous and healthy, and to ensure fine blooms, will need rather more atmospheric moisture. This, in its turn, will demand more heat, which must be afforded, giving as much fresh air as possible, consistent with the state of the outer elements. A comparatively low temperature, in like manner, should now be maintained in all green-houses, conservatories, cool pits, &c. An average temperature, by aid of artificial heat, not exceeding 45° should on all occasions be maintained. Look well over all kinds of bedding stuff, and especially such as is stored away in cutting pots or pans, removing any semblance of decay, which quickly extends at this season. This is indeed the most trying time for all such subjects which the gardener has to contend against: hence the need of unremitting personal attention. It will be necessary to occasionally light slight fires during the prevalence of mild weather, to warm the sluggish atmosphere and to imbue it with greater buoyancy, the more quickly to dry off all internal moisture. Camellias will shortly commence blooming, and where any delay has occurred in cleansing the leaves of any which require it, the necessary operation should be done forthwith. I scarcely need state that, independently of the claims which cleanliness always has in conjunction with cultural skill, as regards the health and vigour of plants generally, few things disfigure well-grown specimens more than dirty or diseased foliage; the finest flower or flowers which plants produce, lose half their beauty if clean and vigorous foliage be not an accompaniment.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

With the exception of the few frosty nights we experienced in the early autumn, this has been a very favourable season for blooming chrysanthemums under any temporary awning; those who wish to secure their favourite specimens longer will, however, do well to remove them to a more permanent structure. Those which are grown permanently out to open borders, should, if sorts are valued, have a small mound of cinders or coal ashes placed around the stools, for the purpose of protecting the young growths against injury by severe frosts. Should sharp frosts visit us shortly, and we may expect them at any moment, it would be as well to place hoops over all good beds of pansies, to which mats may be fixed. These having made rather free growth this autumn, some danger exists that they might suffer in proportion. Independently of keeping all walks clean at this season, when they are so much in use, every possible opportunity should be embraced to roll them well. It is by effectually rolling them at this season, that firm, neat walks are ensured during the remaining season of the year. The same applies very forcibly to grass lawns. The more they are rolled the greener and more permanent they become, and less luxuriance is observable in all gross succulent weeds, which should be alien thereto.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

During dull, inclement weather, many little jobs may be done which will tend to forward gardening operations by and by, when the busy spring season commences, such as picking over and making new shreds. Old nails, which have been taken from walls, should be well baked, and otherwise cleaned. Even shreds may be subjected to such a degree of heat as will ensure the destruction of all insect-life which may have become attached to them. Make up the necessary stocks of soils of all sorts which are procurable in the neighbourhood during moderate frosts, such as peat, loam, sand, &c. Sort and clean onions: these are keeping indifferently this season, and are likely, ere the season is far advanced, to become a scarce commodity. Independently of the scarcity of these generally, many, I observe, are beginning to sprout; it will be well, therefore, to use those that are sprouting first. Potatoes which were only clamped in part, and otherwise laid in open sheds to dry and to ripen off more effectively, may now be finally sorted over, and placed in security against any hard frosts which may occur. It will be advisable not to lay them thickly together in very large quantities, as even now they seem to be wanting, on the whole, that firm, well-ripened tone which is so great a security against decay and a tendency to undue fermentation.

WINTER CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WHY is it that we love them so—
The summer's gorgeous beauties past?
Ah! is it not because we know
They are the last—they are the last!
The winter's mists are damp and chill,
The sun scarce dares to show his face,
But see the anemone still,
Bloom in many a sheltered place.
Ah! dearer far all else above,
Last flowers of the fleeting year,
Last parting words from those we love,
Last dying glance from those most dear
The tall Chrysanthemums to-day,
Lay broken by the wintry blast,
And fading, still they seemed to say,
We are the last—we are the last!

HELEN BURNSIDE.

UP IN A BALLOON.

In a very short space of time, anyone who has not been up in a balloon will be regarded as a man behind the age, and will be ranked in the same category as one who has never been in a "Hansom" or on a railway. Our intention in the present article is not to dilate upon the interesting features that may present

themselves to the eye of the amateur, but to record some of the phenomena that attract the attention of the *savant*, the chemist, and the philosopher. Meteorologists have reduced the various conditions and appearances afforded by the clouds, and the regions of air into nine distinct sub-divisions. M. Flammarion, in an exceedingly interesting paper read before L'Académie des Sciences, has further reduced these sub-divisions to two. He designates the clouds that appear nearest the earth, or what we terrestrials would call the clouds proper, by the name of cumulo-stratus. These, viewed from a balloon, resemble large masses of grey vapour, or gigantic bales of cotton. Under the second classification of cirrus, he includes the small light fleecy-looking clouds that are pendent high up in the blue vault of the firmament, slightly tinged towards the evening, sometimes of a dappled appearance, and at others streaked with a rosy iridescence. We may omit all consideration of the "stratus," which are visible only in the day-time and the "nimbus," which are the forerunners of the dissolution of snow into rain. Confining ourselves, therefore, to the two descriptions of aeriform phenomena that we have mentioned, it has been determined that the first, the cumulo-stratus, or clouds proper, are situated at an average distance from the earth of 4,000 feet. They are occasionally met with both above and below this distance. The cirrus or superior clouds are rarely to be found nearer to the earth than 20,000 feet. It has long been a problem to the philosopher to ascertain what thickness of cloud was necessary to obstruct the rays of the sun. During a voyage in a balloon, recently made, the sun was obscured for some time after commencing an ascent, but after continuing to rise until the belt of clouds was left below, their thickness was ascertained to be about 620 feet. The light of the sun was therefore unable to traverse this mass of cloudy opacity. The degree of humidity registered by the hygrometer was a maximum at the lower surface of the mass of clouds, and a minimum at the upper, the range being rather more than five degrees. At the same time, the temperature obeyed a very different law. Marking 20° at the ground level, the thermometer descended to 15° at an elevation of 1,900 feet. Entering into the regions of clouds, it rose to 19°, and continued to rise as the elevation increased. The aerial voyageur, when emerging from the misty, gloomy, and melancholy ether of the cloudy belt into the upper regions, experiences a joyful and exhilarating sensation which is, perhaps, enhanced by observing that the earth which he has quitted appears to be lost in the shadows of night. This is no metaphorical illusion, for when the veil of darkness is descended upon the terrestrial globe, the operations of reading and writing can be carried on with perfect facility at an elevation which reaches above the clouds. So long as the clouds are held in suspension by an upward current of air, they are either immovable, or they rise; when the current fails they fall. M. Flammarion gives a vivid account of the formation of the clouds over the valley of the Rhine, viewed from an altitude of 7,000 feet above the historical town of Aix-la-Chapelle. The sun rose at about a quarter to four, a.m. At half-past four clouds commenced to form underneath the observers, at a distance nearly half-way between them and the earth. Shortly after, the earth, which had been distinctly visible hitherto, became hidden from view by immense fleecy masses, which congregated at one point and dispersed at another with astonishing rapidity. With the rising of the sun, and the consequent increase of temperature, the balloon mounted, and the clouds likewise, until the latter arranged themselves immediately underneath the former, and, after remaining a short time, disappeared with the same celerity with which they were created. Leaving what we may call the lower regions, namely, those of the cumulo-stratus, and soaring into the space beyond, the "cirrus" appear to be as far above the observer as if he had not left the terrestrial surface. One seems to be, as it were, between two skies, one above and the other below. At an elevation of 13,000 feet the superior vault loses its concave appearance, and the inferior appears to solidify. With a clear atmosphere, the earth, instead of presenting a convex form, has, on the contrary, a concave surface. That the clouds are due to the condensation of the humidity existing in the air is the result of all the meteorological observations made with the view of ascertaining the nature and origin of their formation. Currents ascending from a humid region, and traversing a certain zone of belt, have their humidity condensed and rendered visible, which was previously invisible. A very curious phenomenon has been observed from the elevated position of a balloon, and recorded by M. Flammarion. During one of his aerial voyages his attention was attracted to a cloud, about 600 feet in length by 450 feet in breadth, which remained in a state of immovable suspension at an elevation of nearly 300 feet above some trees. The other clouds in the meantime were passing at a rate of 25 feet per second. What invisible anchor held this particular mass of vapour from participating in the motion of its neighbours? Upon steering the balloon below the object of observation, it was discovered that the cloud was stationary immediately above a large piece of water, and that some smaller clouds, also immovable, traced out in space the course of a stream. No explanation has been offered of this curious fact, but it is possible that some attraction may exist between the clouds and the sources from which they are created. The physical contours of a country are readily distinguished by the experienced aeronaut. He can tell at a glance the plains and the valleys by the tints they present to the rising sun. The plains are dark and shadowy, while the valleys whiten and glisten beneath its beams. This is caused by the condensation of vapour, and the thermometer invariably registers a lower degree for the valleys than the plains. With increased facilities for observing the condition of the upper regions at various times and seasons, it is only to be expected that a large augmentation will be made to our present knowledge of meteorology, the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, and ultimately of the key of all science, astronomy.—*Mechanics Magazine.*

MR. DISRAELI ON A WIFE'S CORONET.—Lord Campbell, when Attorney-General, accepted a peerage for his wife, by way of *solatium* for having another man promoted to the chancellorship over his head. Now, let us see how Mr. Disraeli regarded the conduct of Sir John Campbell:—"Is it part of the code of etiquette in this saturnalia of Whig manners," he asks indignantly, "that the honour of a man is to be vindicated by a compliment to a woman?" Further on he declared that Sir John had "degraded the bar of England" by solacing his disappointment in contemplating the coronet of his wife. See "Letters of Runnymede," pp. 9-16.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.—Specimens of backwoods eloquence have become rather scarce of late, but a contemporary tells the following:—A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time; and thus he spoke in conclusion:—"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her, radiant in this glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim—and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp, dead of the night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amid the snowy pillows of repose—gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed, soulless scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give!" The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

MISS DEVEREAUX'S VACATION.

It was during one of the first warm days in June that Miss Devereaux fainted away while hearing the class recite in French. Madame St. André, the head of the establishment, being called, was hard to assert that Miss Devereaux had chosen the most inopportune moment for such a caprice; after which she discharged the classes and sent for her salts, with the intention of bringing Miss Devereaux to a reasonable and wholesome view of the case. But this young lady was incorrigible, and obstinately refused attending the efficacy of the several remedies which Madame administered, till, having lain insensible for the space of three-quarters of an hour, the *posse* were suddenly seized with a panic, and suggested that Dr. Van Eyck might possibly be equal to the occasion. To do Madame justice, she had thought of that person at the first, but prudential motives had urged her thus to delay introducing into her establishment, on the familiar footing of a physician, a somewhat young and a single gentleman of whose antecedents she knew absolutely nothing.

"She has been overworked," was the doctor's first assertion; "she has been overworked, and must have a vacation."

"When she revives," said Madame, reassured.

"I'm afraid it'll prove a long one," whimpered hysterical little Miss Johnson, an under-teacher.

"Is she better?" whispered some half dozen of the scholars, looking in through a crack of the door, in a state of great excitement.

"Go away!" said Madame, with a turn of her black brows.

"They won't do any harm now," said the doctor.

"Oh, you wolf in sheep's clothing," mentally ejaculated Madame.

"See!" he continued, "there's a rose-tint for you," and just then Miss Devereaux drew a sigh fathoms deep, and two eyes flashed intelligence into the doctor's.

"That's all right," said he. "Now, Miss Devereaux, if you will drink this," and Miss Devereaux sat upright, or nearly so, and drank it off, saying in the soberest manner:—

"Thank you; I am quite well now. I will return to my classes." And she stood up to go, but tottered back to her sofa, looking in dismay at Madame St. André and the doctor.

"Am I—is there anything—what is the matter?" she stammered.

"Nothing but over-exertion. You must take a vacation."

"But I don't want a vacation!"

Miss Devereaux was always inexplicable, thought Miss Johnson, who was just dragging through the summer term with a prospect of the beaches, new gowns, gay company, and any number of flirtations for August.

"But you need it," reiterated the doctor; "you must look about you, and decide upon some quiet retreat; and in the meanwhile you are not to hear classes or anything of the sort, if you care to live. I will call again and see how you progress."

Dr. Van Eyck did not content himself with merely calling again; the informed Madame that Miss Devereaux was in a dangerously nervous condition, requiring instant attention and respite from care, and requested her co-operation in inducing the invalid to submit to terms.

"But if Miss Devereaux is indifferent, why do you care?" asked Madame.

"She is my patient," he replied.

In the meantime Miss Devereaux kept her room, ate almost nothing, and rarely spoke. Miss Johnson sat with her by hours in a vain attempt at sympathy, detailing her own commonplace experiences, and receiving polite monosyllables in return. Dr. Van Eyck came and felt her pulse, and brought her cordials, and scolded and vexed her into something like spirit.

"So you have no home, no friends, no money," he said one day, repeating the case as she had been forced to represent it. "In that case I shall think it my duty to insist."

"Upon what, pray? I should think it was plain enough that I must return to my classes at once."

"I shall insist that you join my sister, and spend some months at the mountains, and return a new creature."

"You are very kind," she replied, touched by his offer; "but I cannot accept."

"It is a great pity," he said, musingly; "if you only had some cousin now who could be hospitable for a season—almost any change would be preferable to none."

"Oh, I have an aunt in New York," she confessed, "but she is only housekeeper for the family of a Mrs. Adriance. She has no home of her own; and after that he led the conversation into other channels, and Miss Devereaux believed he had given it up. He did not call again for a day or two, and she congratulated herself upon having got rid of him and his vexatious prescription, and was preparing to resume her duties, when he reappeared one morning, radiant and smiling.

"It is all arranged," he said. "You are to take the down-train for New York; your aunt will meet you at the depot; you will remain till you are recreated; you will have your vacation after all. Your ticket is bought; you are anxiously expected. The family of Mrs. Adriance are absent at the sea-side, and have left Mrs. Bevis the privilege of inviting a friend to bear her company. It is a charming house—a picture gallery, in fact; a piano to sing with; a piazza hidden in vines for summer reverie, a—"

"And pray Doctor, how do you know all this?" she interrupted, laughing. The Doctor paused and coloured violently. The fact was he had gone down to the city with malice prepense, and had arranged the programme to his own satisfaction.

"I am acquainted with Mrs. Adriance," he answered.

"Oh, but you are too good," she said. "What shall I do with you?"

"I hope you will be able to—professionally, at least," laughing; "and you will consent to go?"

"How can I refuse? Give you all this trouble for nothing? Of course I will go, and enjoy every moment of it."

Dr. Van Eyck took her to the station in his brougham next morning.

"Now," he said, "I shall expect you to keep me informed of your improvement."

"Daily bulletins," she suggested.

"Weekly letters, if you please."

"But what shall I say? You terrify me with such great expectations."

"Imagine I am making a call, and you are chatting as usual."

"You will end by making an egotist of me."

"Better that than an invalid. Good-by. Be sure and enjoy your leisure, and think of nothing else." She turned to thank him at the last, her eyes swimming with grateful tears, but the inexorable steam-power had already whirled her out of his orbit.

One who has never laboured exhaustingly through successive years can hardly understand the content and rest that made themselves guests in Miss Devereaux's heart as she slid along toward New York, with no tedious classes beckoning through the interminable to-morrows. She had always been a source of wonder and conjecture to the other teachers—she who worked on faithfully through term after term without complaint and without vacations; who was not known to possess a relative in the world; who out of a salary equal to theirs neither hoarded nor spent; who wore shabby gowns and bonnets *passé*; who was absent from her post but one day in the year, no one knowing whether, always returning before breakfast the following morning a little paler, a little more silent, if that could be. She was a riddle which every one had given up long ago; and in the mean time had arrived this Dr. Van Eyck, with the power of penetrating her reserve and ending her whosoever he would.

The first week of Miss Devereaux's stay in New York she spent on the sofa, listening to Mrs. Bevis's laudations of the family she served, to her recital of their customs and manners, the grand company they entertained, the jewels that had gone with them to the beaches. The following week found her a little stronger, notwithstanding all this; she even ventured out on the balcony, which the Doctor had recommended her to do, and into the long, dark drawing-rooms with their blinds all closed, their brocade shrouded in brown holland, and their bronze chandeliers night-capped in pink tissue paper. In making the tour of the rooms she paused before a portrait hanging in a niche. It seemed to her as she looked the brown eyes beckoned and followed her; that rich colour on the oval cheek came and went with the pulsations of the heart; that the full lips now trembled into smiles, now shaped themselves to serious meanings.

"It is some dead ancestor of the Adriance line," she thought. "How I should like to have known him! how he illuminates this niche! Ah, well, I believe some people are born an age too early. To think that 'dust is in those beautiful eyes!'"

She did not speak of the portrait to Mrs. Bevis, but day after day she found herself returning to gaze upon it, blotting it in a history of its own—a romance; giving to the original all manner of peculiar fascinations and noble attributes. When she opened the grand piano, which privilege had been granted her, and played the tender German airs that seemed made to flutter, like beautiful moths, through the perpetual twilight of the room, she always fancied at such times that the portrait listened, bending out of the frame; that she could see the light flash into the eyes there, the pupil dilate with pleasure, the colour shoot up the cheek. It was a delightful companionship she held with this portrait which gave to her life a something poetical and mystical. She was able now to sit out on the balcony on fine warm evenings, and watch the fire-flies among the vines in a phantasmic dance; to spend long mornings over the foreign plates in the library or over some long-dead book. She went singing about the house, too, sometimes assisting Mrs. Bevis in her light labours, sometimes lost in the mazes of embroidery, but she never went out. She had forgotten all about the world outside, so to speak. She felt as if her life had begun here, and would continue to flow on thus dreamily for ever. But life is full of shifting sand-bars and treacherous currents, of strong and cruel maelstroms.

"That still the wine-keg on the rocks,
And lose the pearls."

She had been very busy one morning toward the end of the second week, and it was only after dusk that she left her room to sit a while on the balcony, and watch the flashing constellations prick themselves out against the dark, purple heavens. She sat there utterly lost in thought, the vine with its white stars fallen about her shoulders, the fire-flies heeding her no more than a statue, great dusty moths brushing her cheeks. The distant roar of the city, the toll of neighbouring bells, the pathos of some sad singer, the voices of children and laughter of happy lovers came to her faintly, and charmed the chorus to her dream of peace. It was already quite dark upon the balcony; the vines themselves cast heavy, fitful shadows there, peopling the place with restless phantoms; all the light there was came from above, from the luminous depths of space. But as she gazed into darkness there grew upon her, as if shaping itself out of nothingness, the vision of a sweet, familiar face—the face of the portrait. It belonged, however, to a tall young man, who stood on the sill of the French window, and made a profound bow, holding his lighted cigar in one hand.

"I beg pardon," he said then, "I didn't know that the balcony was haunted by a sweet spirit of the twilight. You are Mrs. Bevis's niece? Felix Adriance, at your service."

"Good-evening, Mr. Adriance," she returned, rising; "I will preface your service by requesting you to continue your cigar, while I go and find my aunt."

"Allow me to say that you will do no such thing," motioning her towards the vacated seat.

"But perhaps," in that embarrassment which always says the wrong thing, "my aunt is lonesome."

"So am I—and no perhaps about it. The night is too fine to waste indoors, and if you insist upon going I shall follow."

She sat down then; her own will had nothing to do in the affair; she had neither consented nor refused; but after all she was young, and not unhappy at being amused. He threw his cigar over the balustrade as he spoke, and went to bring a seat for himself beside her.

"Fate works with us, I believe," said he; "but it's a recent creed of mine; I could have said hard words to-night when the train dashed off without me; but you see it was all arranged that we should meet thus. Aren't you glad?"

Miss Devereaux answered him with a laugh. "How do I know whether to be glad or sorry, when I haven't seen you five minutes?"

"But you aren't displeased, or you couldn't laugh like that. Besides, Dr. Van Eyck told us so much about you that we're old friends already."

"The Doctor is very kind to me," she said, softly; "he sends me advice every week."

"And you reply to him most gratefully?"

"I write to him often."

"The deuce you do!" aside; then, "Do you want to know what I thought of you yesterday?"

"I didn't know you thought of me at all."

"But I did. Yesterday afternoon you were singing, you may remember?"

"Yes."

"I passed up, in order to procure a shawl which my sister desired me to bring her. I waited on the stair to listen, and I thought—shall I tell you what?"

"Just as you please."

"You're not curious at all?"

"You evidently expect it."

"Well, then, since you are so anxious; I thought, 'that voice is the recompense Nature makes to a woman without other attractions. If she were beautiful she would be irresistible.'"

"You speak plainly."

"But you see my first axiom was an error."

"And your second—"

"Is self-evident."

"Mr. Adriance," she said, laughing in spite of herself, and perhaps secretly pleased, "you are presuming on too slight an acquaintance."

"And yet I am not a presumptuous man," he returned unabashed. "How do you account for it?"

"I don't attempt to account for it; that is your business. And now, indeed, I must go, for my aunt is calling."

"But you will sing that song to me some day? Promise me that."

"I promise," she said, eager to depart.

"And you will let me see you sometimes?"

"I don't possess the art of invisibility, Mr. Adriance. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Miss Devereaux."

Miss Devereaux dreamed that night that she went to look at her portrait, and it was but an empty gilded frame she found; but it was no dream that the next morning she found waiting outside her door—a bouquet of rose-buds and heliotrope in all their dewy sweetness. It was the first bouquet she had ever received; perhaps this was why she preserved the withered thing when it possessed only a remembrance of its youth.

She saw nothing more of Felix for a week, and then he came in

some haste, to say that he had a few minutes to spare before taking the train, and would she redeem her promise?

"I thought you had forgotten it," she was artless enough to confess.

"My memory is not remarkably retentive, but there are a few things that never escape me," he said, looking at her with his large melancholy eyes. They went together after that, into the long twilight drawing-room, and entirely forgot the existence of time, of imperative railway hours, of everything, it would seem, but each other and the German lyrics. At last, when it occurred to Miss Devereaux to ask the time, they were both amazed to find the afternoon quite gone as well as the last train beachward.

"It is because the room is so dark," said she, shutting up her music-book with a sigh; one never knows here whether it is daylight or dusk."

"I don't think it is that at all," he returned; "I think it is because you have the power of making one forget everything but yourself."

"Your memory, you know, is not retentive, which detracts somewhat from the compliment. At least you must go now."

"Not unless you forbid me to stay."

"I forbid you? I have no right. Besides, you amuse me too well."

Then they opened the music book once more and rung for a candle; but a draught blew out the one, and the first received no longer any attention. They had sung enough for one day, and now they conversed in soft under-tones, with brief, happy silences between, during which they listened to the wind shaking the vines on the balcony, to the beatings of each other's heart; and presently Mrs. Bevis, who had taken her tea alone, pulled the bell sharply and impatiently.

"That must be the tea-bell," said Miss Devereaux then; "I must go."

"And am I to have no tea?" he asked.

"I shall be delighted to pour you a cup;" and he followed her down to the dining-room.

"I didn't know you were here, Mr. Felix," said Mrs. Bevis, bustling about, "or I should have laid myself out."

"I have dined, thank you," he said, "and only want a cup of tea from the hand of your niece."

"There's cold fowl in the pantry," she persisted; "I'll ring for it."

"Not for me. Do you care for cold fowl, Miss Devereaux?"

"Not to-night, thank you," sipping her tea, reflectively.

"There's some of your favourite meringue, Mr. Felix," entreated the good woman, loth to have her duties neglected; "I made it myself, thinking some of you might be in for a bite; and there's honey, fresh from the hive, if you fancy it."

"Thanks, but I have all the sweets I desire," with a glance across the table.

"Bless you, what do you call sweets, child? Bread and butter and Indian fritters? Though the butter is as sweet as honey; I didn't think of that, and the bread's not bad, eh? But there you must excuse me while I look after the linen."

"Perhaps you would have liked the honey?" he asked when Mrs. Bevis had closed the door behind her.

"I don't care for honey. I like the poetical idea, but not the edible article."

"You are looking pale to-night," dropping the honeycomb.

"I see how it is; this great solitude oppresses you; it is too dull for a young person of spirit; I shall think it my duty to drop in often and keep you from going mad."

He looked her full in the face as he spoke, and he saw that a helpless, terror-stricken anguish flashed across it, dilating the thin nostril, and darkening the cool grey eyes, till he could have sworn they were deepest black.

"It is in the family," she said, snatching her gaze away from his and half laughing. "I am used to solitude," she continued, turning her inverted tea-cup slowly about in its saucer.

"That means I should be *de trop*?"

"Not at all. I like solitude and—I like you."

"What an admission! And you have no preference? What are you doing there with your tea-cup, pray?"

"I am telling my fortune, if you are interested to know."

"I am interested in whatever pertains to you. What is your fortune like?"

"Tears," she answered, letting the lingering drops trickle down and hang upon the rim of the cup, like yellow topazes. "Tears, and cloudy skies, and rough paths, signed on every side with crosses."

"Dismal in the extreme. We will hope they are tears of joy and clouds with silver linings. Shall we retire to the balcony and discuss the probabilities?"

But out on the balcony the hours were no longer than in the drawing room, and when Miss Devereaux said "Good-night," the hall clock was striking eleven, its silver chimes clashing on the silence and waking the echoes everywhere; she could not remember sitting up till eleven since her first ball, and that was so long ago that it seemed as if it must have been somebody else. She passed, however, a night of restlessness, for which she could not account, and woke in the morning oppressed and almost ill again. While a little happiness, so quiet, so unsought for, should injure, was a problem she did not attempt to solve. It occurred to her now that Felix and herself were altogether too familiar and intimate for friends of so brief a period, and she determined to be more reserved in future, nor to suffer any more such long-drawn-out *tête-à-têtes*; but day after day, as fulfilling his threat, he dropped in for a light lunch, and bring some promised book, some rare fruit for her delectation; to fetch a paper from his desk, his cane; to change a coat or hat, or leave some order from his mother to Mrs. Bevis. Miss Devereaux found her fine resolves melt in the light of his mere presence, leaving only a slight sediment of reserve, which made her all the more charming in the eyes of Felix. Indeed, she could hardly have avoided him had she wished it, and it was becoming every day more plain that her wishes were under his control.

"I'm convinced that I knew you a great while before ever we met," he said to her one day, having surprised her alone in the housekeeper's room.

"Oh, yes; Dr. Van Eyck told you about me," she said, mockingly.

"You are a little goose. By-the-way, have you written to your doctor lately?"

She coloured and bent her head over the little bundles of straw and worsted with which she was busy; the truth was, she had barely escaped forgetting the Doctor and his furnished expectations.

"I must write him to-morrow," she responded.

"Then you will say to him that you are in my hands and rapidly gaining my—"

"Approbation?"

"Please, don't take the words out of my mouth, Miss Devereaux; it's quite enough to possess yourself of other things that belong to me."

"Exchange is no robbery, I've heard. There, what do you think of that for a castle-in-the-air?" and she held up the result of her hour's work, a mesh of quivering straws secured by brilliant knots of worsted, and dancing and oscillating on the air like any bubble.

"A pretty piece of architecture, truly! I've heard of castles-in-the-air, I've built them myself—of straws too, but I never before had the felicity of beholding one!"

(To be Continued.)

NICE.

Nice now a part of the French empire, is one of those Italian cities to which invalids resort from Western and Northern Europe, as a winter residence, especially in cases of delicacy of the chest. Yet the town of Nice is not exactly the place which would suit an invalid in an advanced stage of sickness. Consumptive patients and such persons as really have ailments which require rest and pure air, are generally warned to flee the trifling gaieties of the English promenade, to avoid the bustle and clamour of the hotels, and to betake themselves to some quiet place at a distance from the sea. The principal suburbs of Nice are Carabacel and Cimies. The former is situated at the foot of the hills which slope down to the town, and on account of its sheltered position possesses a high and equable temperature. To reach Cimies, however, it is necessary to traverse about a mile and a half of rough road, which winds slowly up the hill side amongst groves of orange and olive. At a height of two or three hundred feet above the sea level are many white villas scattered amongst thick plantations and pleasant gardens, and these for the most part are "the pensions" resorted to by the strangers who seek Nice for the sake of regaining health or escaping the dangerous winter climate of the North of Europe. In point of scenery, few places frequented by valetudinarians can vie with Cimies. As you ascend the road, the magnificent panorama of the hills slowly opens before you, and the eye ranges over the stony summits until the view is bounded by a gleam of snow on the high peaks to the north. The valleys, the slopes, the lower grounds near the shore, are clothed with the eternal green of the olive, a colour dull and monotonous compared with the fresh verdure of English forest scenery, and yet not devoid of a certain charm of its own, which grows as one becomes habituated to the prospect. The olive seems to thrive everywhere around Nice. It grows in the stoniest soil, and the most exposed situations, almost as well as in the lower grounds; where other vegetation fails, it is seen tufting the rocky bluffs. Like the pine, it seems to exclude most other trees, and its only companion is the cypress, which lifts its tall motionless spire high above the

cue from oblivion the relics of the religion and the pleasures of a cultivated race. The Lombards swept down from the hills, the glory of Cemenelum passed away, and the visitor of the present day may moralise on the contrast between the clamour and tumult which once filled the arena of its amphitheatre and the calm which reigns there now. So still and placid is the atmosphere that the traffic of Nice is perfectly audible by day, and the hoarse murmur of the sea by night. Frequently the silence is interrupted by the tinkling of bells from the adjacent convent. Now and then these bells become a nuisance, for the good Franciscan fathers do not greatly regard the repose of their neighbours, and, keeping vigil themselves, seem determined that no one else shall enjoy unbroken rest. Occasionally, in the dead of the night, the large convent bell tolls for half an hour at a time, and on festival days its clangour mingles before dawn with the multitudinous noises which ascend from the churches of Nice.

The weather recently has been exceptionally inclement. Even at Nice it rains sometimes, and then heavily. On such occasions the whole aspect of the place is so transformed that it seems to have lost its identity. Nature, as it were, has blackened her face, and defies recognition. So effectual is the disguise, that I can easily understand how a person when arriving for the first time, might have felt himself victimised by the story of cloudless skies and golden sunsets. The first indication of an approaching change is generally a grey mist, which, as it creeps up the hill sides, gathers, and in less than an hour shuts out all view of sea and mountain. Then the shrill voice of the "nustral" is heard rushing through the olives, and presently the cypresses begin to shake in the blast, the woods moan, the windows rattle, and the darkness becomes so intense that the white villas fade out of sight. The contrast between this ugly and sombre prospect and the sunlit landscape of other days is so vivid that one might easily imagine himself transported back to the North and its dismal fogs. Not only has the rain fallen in torrents lately, but there has been much thunder and lightning. The thermometer fell several degrees, and the cold became piercing.

PLUNDER OF A MAIL COACH BY BUSHRANGERS IN QUEENSLAND.

The following account of a robbery of a mail coach running between Gympie and Maryborough is furnished by the passengers:—

The coach for Maryborough left Gympie at about half-past 6 o'clock in the morning, and when about 300 yards beyond the wooden culvert, about three and a half miles from Nashville, three men suddenly appeared from behind some trees, and ordered Harry, the driver, to "bail up." Two of the men had double-barrelled guns, and the other an old single-barrel in a dilapidated condition. The men had handkerchiefs on their faces, with holes cut in them. On the coach stopping, the driver was ordered, under the usual bloodthirsty penalties, to drive the coach into the bush, which he did for about 150 yards. The mail bags were then dragged out, and the three bushrangers applied themselves diligently to the occupation of tearing open the letters and abstracting the bank notes, which they stuffed in their pockets, cheques and drafts being tossed aside as useless. The bushrangers politely informed the two lady passengers, Mrs. Thatcher and Mrs. Farley not to be alarmed, as they would not be hurt, and they did not rob ladies. Strange to say, the ladies were never even asked for their money. Mr. Power, the other passenger, handed out a £5 note and some silver, declaring that he had no more, but not being satisfied with this assurance they took the precaution to feel in his great coat pocket, and altogether they took £25 from him. The examination of the letters occupied nearly three-quarters of an hour. As the three bushrangers were close to the passengers, they were seen to take out quantities of notes from the letters. After examining the contents of the mail bags, they felt under the back seat cushion, but forebore touching the seat where the ladies sat, beneath which Mrs. Farley had hastily thrust about £15. They then ordered the coachman and Mr. Power to gather up the fragments of their literary meal, and warned Harry not to stir from there for half an hour, and then he was to drive in the direction of Maryborough and not Nashville.



VIEW OF NICE.

dense and ducky foliage that surrounds it. Yet the distinctive character of the view which Cimies commands is not derived from its fertile plantations, or the bold outlines of the heights which shelter it, but from the Mediterranean itself. For more than twenty miles, the winding shore, fringed always with a thin line of foam, stretches from east to west. A photographic plate cannot be more sensitive to light and shade, a chameleon cannot change colours more frequently, a mirror cannot reflect more truly than that placid sea. At one time as blue as the Atlantic, it is then as green as a land-locked bay. Sometimes it assumes that magnificent purple which justifies Homer's epithet of "wine-coloured," occasionally as the clouds gather it becomes an inky black. Every wind which sweeps it alters its hue, and each breeze shows upon it like the breath that duffs for a few seconds the surface of glass. The sun-light rests upon it with almost intolerable brightness, and on dull days, when the wooded grounds are obscured by a leaden shade, there is almost always a belt of clear blue sky in the southern horizon, and a great band of light upon the distant water. It is only from such an elevation as Cimies that this wonderful beauty of the Mediterranean can be observed. The ancient inhabitants of this delightful district showed themselves lovers of nature by the site which they chose for their town. Around Cimies, the Cemenelum of the Romans, are scattered ruins which prove abundantly the wealth and intelligence of a once great community. A hundred yards from the Pension Anglaise the road passes through an immense amphitheatre. The peasant who tills the neighbouring farm has fixed his residence in the chamber of an old temple of Apollo, and the large monastery hard by stands where once was a temple of Diana. Broken columns, ruined walls, stones upon which are carved obscure inscriptions, fragments of marble and of statuary, tessellated pavements which still preserve their colours, are scattered everywhere around. There have been no systematic excavations of Cimies, but it is evident that the place would be a mine of wealth to the antiquary. Whatever coins or vessels have been found lay upon the surface, but it would not require a large expenditure to open and explore the subterranean passages, and to

"ONLY A SCRIMMAGE."

(From the Free Lance.)

SIR,—Have you read the abominable exaggerations of the *Times*, in detailing what that villainous paper calls "a riot" in Drogheda? Just look here. I know—on reliable information—that nearly three-quarters of a million of orangemen applied for a special train at Dublin and were refused. But they came by the luggage train which left at three in the morning. The Drogheda boys went out to meet them, and barring a few thousand shillelaghs, they were just as quiet as lambs. They hallo'd a little when they saw the orangemen (as they thought—though the orangemen were afraid to come near the Drogheda doves), and a few crowns were cracked. One or two of the soldiers, who were not used to a little Irish squabble got alarmed, and fired without orders, killing one lamb and wounding another. Well, they are in Drogheda geol in felons' clothes, and I dare say they will be hanged, as they deserve to be, for letting fly at the poor harmless boys. McClintock says his voters could not get to the poll. Bal-Blather! And yet the *Times* calls this affair a riot. It's only a scrimmage. If you want to see a real row, you should go to Donnybrook Fair, to Belfast, or some of these outlandish places; but the Drogheda boys are the most inoffensive creatures on the face of "ould Ireland," and wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, unless you trod on the tail of their coat. A riot, indeed! It's nothing but a paltry contemptible "scrimmage." Yours testotally,

B. WHITWORTH, M.P. for Drogheda.

Crackskull Castle, Boyne Banks.

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Depot, 266, High Holborn, London.—[ADV.]

They informed him they would be on the watch to see he did so. Shortly after Harry drove on at full speed to the Stockholm Hotel, which is nine miles from Nashville, and procuring a couple of saddle horses, he and Mr. Power rode to Nashville and gave information to the police. Before leaving, the bushrangers presented Mr. Power with 9s. Mrs. Thatcher had in her possession diamonds worth upwards of £100. Messrs. Thatcher and Farley, in company with the inspector of police, Detective Hitches, and a black tracker, visited the scene of the outrage. The black, with unerring sagacity, tracked the wheels of the coach to where it stopped, also discovering a powder-flask nearly full, some hobble-chains, and a new felt wideawake. He also pointed out where the men had camped, and the trees to which their horses were tied. Mr. Thatcher, on looking over the debris of the mail bag, discovered a registered letter addressed to "Mr. Edwards, Gladstone," containing £11 in notes, which the robbers had overlooked. On questioning a little girl and boy, who lived adjacent to the spot, they said that they had seen five men at about 6 that morning alongside the bushrangers' camp fire.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—A most interesting and instructive little work, describing briefly, but with great clearness, the rise and progress of watch and clock making, has just been published by Mr. J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond-street, 99, Westbourne-grove, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices, and no one should make a purchase without visiting the above establishments or consulting this truly valuable work. By its aid persons residing in any part of the United Kingdom, India or the Colonies, are enabled to select for themselves the watch best adapted for their use, and have it sent to them with perfect safety. Mr. Benson, who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales, sends this pamphlet to any address on receipt of two postage stamps, and we cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the intending purchaser.

AN ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.

THERE are perhaps but two countries in Europe, Italy and Spain, where the female peasant equals the high born lady in natural grace and beauty. Her Majesty Queen Victoria in the work she has lately published declared that she never saw so many beautiful women together before as during her public entry of the city of Cork in Ireland. Possibly what we have said above of Spain and Italy may also be true of the province of Munster in Ireland. Certainly it is not so in Greece, although Greek women are so much renowned for "the fatal gift of beauty." In Southern Italy the complexion of women resembles very much that of Old Castile but is richer in tint. There is a Moorish shadow upon the native olive of the Spanish maiden's cheek, especially in Southern Spain, and a dash of Moorish jet in the eye. The women of the Roman States and the two Sicilies incorporate as it were the brown and olive on their countenance in a brilliant fusion, and a ruddy glow gleams through it such as is seldom seen in that other portion of Southern Europe, the Iberian Peninsula, and where on the whole the complexion of the people most resembles that of Italy. In Lombardy, Venice, Genoa, Sardinia, and Nice, there is a much fairer type of beauty present. Frequently in Genoa and Nice women may be met at all events in the upper classes as fair as in the British Isles. The old Lombards were a fair people, and the Italian race in absorbing the Gothic element into the old Latin took some tints from the complexion and the hair of the invader. Thus Garibaldi, a Northern Italian of German descent, is fair, fresh-coloured, and has sandy hair, his beard being almost red. His style of face is very common in Northern Italy, although generally the people have jet black hair, and their eyes a bright and mellow bronze. Probably the palm of beauty may be given to the women of Italy. It must in justice be said of them that they are virtuous and constant, impulsive, passionate, and haughty, very domestic, good wives and mothers, and animated by a noble love of country, which no oppressions could extinguish, and which is probably not equalled among the women of any other country in the world.

POLITICAL PROTESTANTISM.

FROM the strength of the alleged Conservative reaction upon which the speakers and writers on that side have had so much to say in the way of self-congratulation, there is a certain, though prospective deduction to be made, and it may do no harm to point it out by the way. In the first place there is a not inconsiderable class of Liberal voters who have, after all, only hazy ideas of what Liberalism in politics means, who think, and indeed openly say, that it does not make much difference to the country, certainly not to them, which side holds the reins at any given time. Politicians of this flabby order are easily frightened by a strong cry like that of danger to Protestantism into voting against the colours they are ordinarily supposed to wear; for though they do not understand or really love the Liberal faith—because they do not know what justice means—men of this stamp politically have usually a good deal of timid superstition at the bottom of their natures, which serves them for religion. Indeed, men who are thoroughly bribable, either by direct or indirect methods, are found to be quite capable of a sort of half sincere *furore* of what they call Protestantism. Voters of this class have been "largely influenced" to the Conservative side in the recent elections; yet such men cannot form an element of permanent strength in any party. But that is the least important point. There is another class, and a large one, of sincere Liberals, who, not having been educated up to the Gladstone mark in respect of political conscience—not feeling, as yet, that to love a creed embodied in an institution better than justice is infamous, have had sincere, however silly, fears that justice to Ireland meant opening wide the door to Popery. Voters of this description have, in large numbers, refrained from voting at all. They would not vote for a Conservative; they were afraid to vote for Mr. Gladstone; just as at Westminster numbers of electors, at once sincerely religious and sincerely Liberal, but incapable of understanding Mr. Mill, and terrified at the very name of Bradlaugh, kept indoors instead of going to the poll. Now these men, in thousands and tens of thousands, are simply awaiting the education which Mr. Gladstone and the course of events will assuredly give them; and when they have got it, they will know their place, and take it. It is always a great pity when honestly religious voters are alienated. In times which now seem antediluvian, the fondness, the positive affection of the Dissenters, as a body, for "Lord John," as he was lovingly called, was an important political power. When once those religious voters who have now hesitated or held back, are enlightened and reconciled, as they soon will be, we shall discover, without wanting the light of another election cast upon the facts, that the Conservative reaction is like Mrs. Partington's devil. A clown behind a scooped turnip, with a candle-end in it, stood in her path as she passed the churchyard one night. Undaunted, the old lady walked on. Disappointed at failure of the trick, the jester called out, "Aint you afraid? I'm the devil!" "Then you're a poor creature," said Mrs. Partington, and, giving

him a contemptuous dig with her umbrella, passed on her way.—*The Express*.

THE LATE BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD.

SIXTEEN pence a second! It does not sound very much, does it? Yet that was the income of the youngest son of old Meyer Amschel—old Meyer Amschel, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, who originally had a small shop in the Jews' quarter of that city, and, signboards being in vogue, hung out a red shield over the door: from which said signboard the name was subsequently derived—Rothschild. But though the income of Baron James Rothschild, who recently died in Paris, as set forth at so much per second, does not sound very much, if you come to reckon up and then compare it with the thousand a day of the Marquis of Bute, you will find that the latter income, princely as it is, is a mere bagatelle in comparison. In fact it is about £2,000,000 per annum. Of the five sons of old Meyer Amschel, one settled in England, one in Vienna, and one in Italy, and James took up his residence in France. Charles who fixed himself at Naples in 1811, died in March, 1855. Solomon, the banker of Vienna, died in July of the same year, and Anselm, head of the original house at Frankfort, died also in the December of 1855; a year so fatal to the Rothschilds. Lionel Nathan, of the great London house had died first of all in 1836. Their mother a wonderfully fine old woman, lived to be nearly a hundred, and only died in 1849. Baron James

threatening to assassinate in the most cruel manner the millionaire if he did not place funds at their disposal. The most famous actresses begged for little gifts, and hinted favours in return. Whoever possessed an old picture put a treble price upon it, and brought its value to the old man's notice. Every letter ever written to Rothschild which contained a name and address was accorded its reply. But the Baron never signed these letters himself, and there was not a man in Paris whose autograph it was more difficult to get.

At three o'clock he sat down to *dejeuner*, or luncheon, with his three surviving sons, who were as obedient and paid him as much deference as if they were still little boys. The *dejeuner* of one o'clock was as exquisite a meal as could be served, and though but little wine was drunk the flasks opened were the oldest and rarest that money could buy. He spent an hour or two at this meal, chatting with his sons on business, and sometimes with his wife on household affairs, indeed often receiving persons on business. After lunch he probably looked in amongst his clerks. About three o'clock he mostly went out for an airing, generally in a carriage. He was always back before half-past four to write a few private letters, and to put his signature to the business correspondence laid down before him by his secretaries or chief clerks. It was only at six o'clock his personal recreation commenced. He then went almost every evening to the club and played his rubber of whist till nearly seven o'clock, when he returned and put himself again in Felix's hands to dress for dinner. He changed his dress three or four times a day. His dinner, if he dined at home, which he mostly did, was perfect. He enjoyed it amazingly. The hour was seven. In the evening, if his mind did not turn again to business, he went frequently to the theatre. He never went to see mere spectacles, and hated tragedy, and had a half contempt for comedy. The grand opera, too, had no great charms for him. What he loved was the light musical performances so much in vogue in recent times. He was always in bed by midnight. The Baron was a silent, proud man, affecting humility and an occasional grim humour. He hated to be called "Monsieur," or merely "Baron de Rothschild," but was always pleased when people addressed him as "Monsieur le Baron." That he loved money till the last it is quite needless to say.

And this was the man whose simple funeral void of all pomp or show, a few days since, wended its way slowly to Pere La Chaise, attended by crowds which reached from Rue Lafitte where he had resided, half-way up the Boulevards. This King of Bankers and Banker of Kings now rests, "poor as his meanest subject," leaving behind him all those millions of cares and anxieties which in the guise of golden pieces men so covet, and for which alas they too frequently pay so terrible a price. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*



AN ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.—(FROM A PAINTING BY MR. OAKLEY.)

Rothschild was, therefore, the last survivor of the oldest members of this famous family. And it is he who has just departed this life in Paris, leaving behind him—it always comes to that—leaving behind him a fortune of £2,000,000 a year, as we believe, but which some persons set down at double that amount. It is remarkable how simple and methodical, as a rule the lives of great men will be found to be. Great conquerors, great statesmen, great financialists, &c. Baron James Rothschild was an instance of this. At seven o'clock each morning, summer and winter, his reading-secretary came to his bedside, to read the morning papers. While the great man was putting on his clothes the secretary read out to him the important paragraphs. From the secretary he was soon handed over to his valet, Felix, who fulfilled the old idea of his post, for he was as faithful as a dog while loving his master as a friend; already a very rich man, he only brushed the baron's coat from old friendship, and to get new hints for placing his capitals. At 8 o'clock precisely Baron Rothschild always sat down to his early breakfast, which was a very light one. Immediately after, he received his secretaries in his study. There were seven or eight of these gentlemen who came to open and classify the enormous budget of letters that arrived by the morning post. The Baron first attended carefully to the letters of business. Then he turned to his private correspondence, which was enormous; the average number of letters—begging, beseeching, threatening, or offering pictures or persons for sale—was very nearly two hundred a day. Some, without an atom of security audaciously demanded large loans. Some, daringly told their want of money and

It is said that Nell Gwynne was about to be made Countess of Greenwich. Duchess of Kendall was one of the many titles conferred on Madame de Schuylberg. The widow of Sir Ralph Abercrombie was created Baroness Abercrombie. The widow of Mr. Canning was raised to the rank of viscountess. The wife of Sir John Campbell was made Baroness Stratheden, but their son elected to be summoned to the peerage after his father's death by the title to which his father had attained—Lord Campbell. The most singular case of all was that of Miss Wykeham, to whom the Duke of Clarence made an offer of marriage, and was refused. On his becoming William the Fourth he showed a gallant respect for the lady by raising her to the dignity of Baroness Wenman, which she still enjoys. Ladies have had other titles than those belonging to the peerage granted them. In 1635, for instance, Mrs. Bolles was created a baroness, and became Lady Bolles accordingly. We may add, that the mother of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, was, in 1618, made Countess of Buckingham for life.

NERO.—The Emperor Nero, whose name has long been a synonyme for cruelty, was, during the first five years of his reign, comparable even with Augustus himself in the princely virtues of pity and compassion. When once requested to set his hand to a writ for the execution of a malefactor, he exclaimed, "Quam vellem me necire literas!" "How much do I wish that I knew neither how to read nor write!"—*Percy Anecdotes*.

PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.—The elevation of Mrs. Dorch to the peerage, as Viscountess Beaconsfield, reminds us (*Athenaeum*) of other ladies whose merits have won for them similar honour. Some of the examples are not without singularity. Lady Bryan was made a baroness by Henry VIII., at the birth of Princess Mary. In 1629 the wife of Chief Justice Richardson was created Countess of Crumond, with remainder not to heirs of that name, but to the children of her first husband, Sir John Ashburton, by his former wife. The husbands of Charles the Second and George the First who were made peeresses are hardly worth mentioning. Lady Castlemaine was made Duchess of Cleveland; Mdlle. De Querouaille was made Duchess of Portsmouth, but only for her life.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART.

"Woman's Work in the Temperance Reformation." By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: W. Tweedie, Strand.
THIS is edited with Mrs. S. C. Hall's usual good sense and good taste, and is likely very much to promote the object for which it is published.

"Working-Class Representation." By George Jacob Holyoake. London: Holyoake, Strand.
MR. HOLYOAKE'S opinions and his mode of propagating them are so well known that it is only necessary to call attention to this pamphlet. He especially insists upon the importance of working men being able to sit in the Commons without having "to pay the tariff" now necessary.

"The Percy Anecdotes." London: Berger, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

A NEW edition of this popular and instructive work, elegantly yet cheaply got up, has just been issued by Mr. Berger, the publisher. For variety of interest this book is incomparable. It is a repository of useful information; history, biography, politics, humanity; in fact, almost every subject is illustrated and made pleasantly readable through the medium of anecdote. We strongly recommend this edition to all our readers.

"The County [Courts Act]." By George Manley Wetherfield. London: Smith and Co., Chancery-lane.

THIS is a very valuable book, not only to those who may sue or be sued in the County Courts, but to those also who professionally practise in them. Everything that required to be written on the subject, or, in fact, that could be written upon it, is contained in this excellently compiled and arranged volume. The General Orders, Rules, Forms, and Costs, Common Law and Equity, Practical Notes, and a full Index bespeak the attention of the reader, and furnish him with complete information.

"Beeton's Boy's Own Magazine." London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

THERE is a capital story by Captain Mayne Reid, and a great deal of useful and instructive matter in the present number; good and pleasant reading for men as well as boys. The illustrations are even more excellent than usual.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography." London, Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

THE eleventh part of this useful and valuable publication is just out, and sustains the reputation won by its predecessors. We strongly recommend it.

"Bow Bells Annual."

THIS Christmas book is beautifully got up, and the contents are as varied as they are clever. "Christmas in Ireland," by Emma Watts Phillips, is a charming little story, with the touch of the Boucicault style about it. "Christmas in America," by B. St. Clair, is also very well written; it is a touching tale of the civil war in the United States. "Christmas in Scotland," is more graphic than either of the foregoing, and is well represented by a woodcut. There is also a pretty cut illustrating the keeping of Christmas in Australia; a party out in the summer air, drinking the memory of the old home. There is also a pleasing cut of the Carol Singers in Wales, and a story of the way Christmas times are spent in the Principality. There are many other good tales in the volume, which is edited by Augustus Sala.

LONGFELLOW is at Genoa.
"The Invalid's Own Book," by Lady Cust, has passed through a second edition.

BEFORE the close of the month the library of the late Archbishop of Canterbury will be brought to the hammer.

MRS EMILY FAITHFUL will shortly appear as a lecturer on Woman's Rights in the Hanover-square Rooms.

DIRECTIONS FOR PAINTING CARTES DE VISITE AND CABINET PORTRAITS.—The photo is, of course, unmounted. Take as an example one representing a young lady standing at a table bearing a flower-stand, with a chair and stool beside it; a French window opens into the garden. The lady has a dark dress trimmed with some light colour, and a watch chain. The eyes and eyebrows are too minute to touch. Tint the lips with a mixture of scarlet and pink, but pale, the cheeks with pink only. Colour the whole face, throat, and hands, and just delicately mark the parting of the hair with flesh colour. Hair, table, and part of chair, a mixture of brown and red, not too dark, although it is for a brunette. Paint the chain yellow, dotting it on, and all the trimmings white. Mix mauve and white to form a rich mauve, and colour the dress. Make a grey of white, blue, and a little black to paint the window all over with it. The background is to be entirely of orange colour, and the carpet of scarlet and a little red. The chair and stool scarlet. The flower pot or vase orange, and the leaves bright green. The window curtain, like the carpet. If carpet and window are very heavy and dark, scarlet should only be used.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

THE lectures to the Ladies' Educational Association of Edinburgh have begun. Professor Tait gave his first lecture in the Hopetoun Rooms. He said he believed the general average natural capacity of women to be equal to that of men, but that their artificial or educated capacity was less. He mentioned that lectures to ladies on experimental physics were given long ago in Edinburgh University by Sir John Leslie, but the Town Council interfered and put a stop to these, though Leslie (who was an eccentric though able man) had provided carpets for the stairs and linen covers for the desks and benches, in honour of his fair students. Leslie's lectures were, however, intended only for amusement, consisting chiefly of the exhibition of pretty experiments, without any explanations; for instance, illustrations of hydro-dynamics by fine jets of eau de Cologne made to play upon the audience. The Professor urged that the following of science involved hard work, and said that real knowledge makes no "blue stockings." Diffidence, rather than self-assertion, is the true sign of knowledge. It is only genuine ignorance that can exhibit a sublime confidence in itself.

THE GREAT CLOCK AT ST. PAUL'S.—This celebrated piece of mechanism was made by Langley Bradley, clockmaker, &c., in the year 1708, in accordance with the instructions given by the great architect of the structure, Sir Christopher Wren, and which were in the form of a specification as follows:—"For a large and substantial turret clock, going eight days, and to turn the hour and minute hands on three several dials, viz., on the east, south, and west sides of the south-west tower; and to keep the same in good order for the space of seven years from the day of its completion." The amount paid for the work, under these conditions, we find to have been £300 only. The clock is considered to be of a very superior description of workmanship, and has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the largest in Europe. It has at the present time, two dial-plates, which are placed due south and west. Each of them is 57 feet in circumference, or nearly 20 feet in diameter. The length of the minute hands is 9 feet 3 inches, and their weight 75lbs., the hour hands being 5 feet 9 inches in length, and weighing 44lbs. each. The figures are 2 feet 2½ inches in height, small as they may appear to the spectator below. There are also in the inside works two small dials which work the reverse way, one showing the hours and the other the minutes.

The pendulum is 16 feet long, with a large "bob," weighing 108lbs., at the bottom, and which is suspended by a thin metal spring, about the thickness of a shilling. The beat of the clock is technically termed "a dead beat" or two seconds—thirty to a minute instead of sixty. Since it was first made it has been very much altered, in consequence of the repeated repairs it has undergone, but it still maintains its reputation as a faithful timekeeper and hourly monitor to the citizens.—*City Press.*

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are now completed, and the majority for the Liberals is as large as we anticipated. The Conservative and Liberal papers are eagerly canvassing the return of the support that each party has received. The following is the analysis of the New Parliament:—

	Liberals.	Conservatives.
England and Wales, boroughs	212	95
Scotland, boroughs	26	0
Ireland, boroughs	28	13
England and Wales, counties	56	131
Scotland, counties	24	7
Ireland, counties	38	26
	384	272

Liberal majority, 112.

In the counties of England the Conservatives have made a clear gain of 20 seats. This gain shows the power of the Church in the country districts. In the counties of Scotland they have made a clear loss of 5 seats, and in those of Ireland of 4 seats. In the English and Welsh boroughs the Liberal majority is now 117, in the Scotch boroughs 26, and in the Irish boroughs 15; in the Scotch counties 17, and in the Irish counties 12. The Conservative majority in the English and Welsh counties, on the other hand, is 75, a larger majority than on any previous occasion. The total majority in England and Wales is 42, in Scotland 43, and in Ireland 27, or in all 112. According to the *Daily News*, there have been recorded in England and Wales 1,208,857 Liberal votes, and 799,175 Conservative votes. In other words, the popular vote in England and Wales for Mr. Disraeli is only two-thirds the popular vote for Mr. Gladstone. The same journal urges that the advantage and need of the ballot has never been so clearly shown as in the elections just completed. The few Irish elections that have taken place during the week have continued to show gains for the Liberals.

SINGULAR REVELATION RESPECTING THE ASHTON ELECTION.—Up to last night it was well known that a large number of the public-houses and beer-houses in Ashton-under-Lyne, Stalybridge, and Dukinfield, which had been used as committee-houses by the Conservatives, had been visited and the bills for refreshment furnished during the election obtained by agents. To the consternation of those who had "delivered their bills," it had been ascertained that these agents were acting on behalf of the Liberal party. The question is under "The Representation of the People Act, 1867," whether the owners of public-houses are entitled to vote, and whether, if they did vote, they are not guilty of a misdemeanour. The eleventh clause of the first part of the Act enacts that "no elector, who, within six months before or during any election for any county or borough, shall have been retained, hired, or employed for all or any of the purposes of the election, for reward by or on behalf of any candidate at such election, as agent, canvasser, clerk, messenger, or in any other like employment shall be entitled to vote at such election, and if he shall so vote he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour." An opinion has been given that this clause will reach landlords letting their houses as committee rooms, and hence the consternation of those who have "delivered their bills" to the Liberal agents. Some of the bills are of such an amount as to show that the Conservative electors have neither starved nor been dried up during the election. One of the conservative houses in Dukinfield has a bill, it is said, amounting to £21 for "eating and drinking." There is an impression in the above districts that these bills will imperil the election of both Mr. Thomas Walton Mellor and Mr. James Sidebottom.—*Manchester Examiner.*

ELECTION PETITIONS.—A petition has been presented against the return of Mr. Gower for Bodmin, on the ground of intimidation, &c. A petition against the return of Messrs. Fowler and Eastwick as members for Penryn and Falmouth, on the grounds of bribery, intimidation, and corrupt practices, was to be presented on Tuesday. A petition against the return of Sir A. Glass, the conservative member for Bowdley, was presented on Monday. The petition alleges bribery, treating, and intimidation; and we understand that very ample evidence will be produced on all points. The seat is claimed for Mr. Thomas Lloyd, the liberal candidate. The *Manchester Examiner* says that a petition against the return of Messrs. Cawley and Charley, for Salford, has been despatched to London. We are authorized to state that the liberals of Wallingford have lodged a petition against the return of Mr. Stanley Vickers. A petition has been presented against the return of Mr. Roger Eykyn for Windsor. The petition is in the usual form. Without specifying cases, it alleges bribery, intimidation, and other corrupt practices, and the seat is claimed on behalf of Colonel Robert Richardson Gardner, the conservative candidate, whom Mr. Eykyn defeated by eight votes. The claim to the seat will open the way to counter charges against the claimant. The committee of the Hull Conservative Association have, it is said, determined to prosecute a petition against Messrs. Clay and Norwood. We learn by telegraph from Preston, that it has been decided to petition against the return of Sir T. Gt. Fennor Hesketh and Mr. E. Hermon, elected as the conservative members, on the ground that they have been, "by themselves and other persons on their behalf, guilty of bribery, treating and undue influence before, during, and after the election."

CASTLETOWN, ISLE OF MAN.

I HAVE great pleasure (says H. C. Gill, Esq.) in reporting the gallant rescue of the crew of a small schooner, five in number, by the Castletown lifeboat of the National Lifeboat Institution, the Commercial Traveller, which has once more proved herself worthy of all praise. At noon on Saturday, during a heavy gale from the S.W., we received intelligence of a vessel being in a most dangerous position near Strand Hall, about two miles and a half from Castletown. The boat, with a full crew, was despatched in fifteen minutes, and arrived on the beach on her carriage opposite the vessel at 12 45 p.m. The schooner was found to have struck on a reef of rocks. The launch through the raging surf was a most successful and brilliant one. Amidst the cheers of hundreds of spectators the vessel was reached in a very short time, and, with much difficulty, the crew of five hands were taken on board the lifeboat, which then proceeded to Port St. Mary, where she arrived with the rescued crew at 3.15 p.m. The rescuers and the rescued were received by almost all the inhabitants of the place with repeated outbursts of enthusiastic cheering. The lifeboat had scarcely reached the ship when she was seized by a host of volunteers, who dragged her to a place of safety. The boat was then placed on her carriage by the volunteers, and started for Castletown amid the cheers of all the villagers. The vessel, which during the afternoon parted from her anchors, and is likely to become a total wreck, proved to be the *Vision*, of Drogheda, Joseph Leech, master, sixty-five tons register, from Drogheda to Garston, with a cargo of propwood. Previous to the lifeboat's arrival, the Volunteer Rocket Brigade was on the ground, and had fired several rockets, but the vessel was beyond their reach, every shot falling short.

LAW AND POLICE.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

(Sittings in Banco, before the LORD CHIEF BARON and Baron PIGOTT.)

The court sat to-day for the purpose of delivering judgment in cases which had been argued during the past term.

In the case of the Southampton Steam Colliery Company v. Clark, which raised a question as to freight under the Baltic rates, the court discharged the rule which had been obtained to enter a verdict for the plaintiff for a large sum of money. At the trial the verdict passed for the defendant.

In Lloyd v. Burrow and another, which was an action by the clergyman of St. Mark's, Kensington, against the churchwardens for arrears of stipend, the court gave judgment for the defendants upon the demurrer, and discharged a rule which had been granted raising the question of the defendants' liability.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff in the case of Payne v. The Mayor of Weymouth.

COURT OF PROBATE AND DIVORCE.

(Before Sir J. P. WILDE, Judge Ordinary.)

Bewicke v. Bewicke.—The respondent in this case again appeared to-day, and inquired of the learned judge if the costs in the suit were to be payable up to the date of the decree nisi or that of the decree absolute.—The Judge Ordinary informed the respondent that there was no decree nisi or decree absolute, the suit being one for judicial separation.—Mr. Bewicke: Then I shall apply for my costs. There was a charge of cruelty brought against me, which was abandoned, but I brought witnesses to repel the charge, and was thereby put to considerable expense.—The Judge Ordinary inquired what was done about the costs? Dr. Spinks (for the petitioner) said he presumed the wife would have her costs as a matter of course, having succeeded in a suit for judicial separation, though no order on the subject had been made.—The Judge Ordinary: Mr. Bewicke, you must confine yourself to the only matter before the court, which is that of permanent alimony.—Mr. Bewicke: Well, my lord, I have not been sworn as to the exact amount of my income, and the only evidence yet given is that of the attorney Jones, which is merely hearsay.—Dr. Spinks said he was instructed to say that if his lordship chose to allot £250 in addition to the £141, which would be little more than one-fourth, his client would be quite satisfied.—Mr. Bewicke reported that there was no evidence as to his income beyond that of Jones, who had only said "Mr. Bewicke told me so-and-so," and every word he had said was false.—The Judge Ordinary said the practice of the court in matters of permanent alimony, from which he saw no reason whatever for departing was to take the statements made *pendente lite*. Evidence had, been given as to the property of the respondent, from statements made by himself to his father-in-law. It was competent for him to have got into the witness-box and to be examined on oath as to the correctness of the statements made, but he had not done so. The ordinary practice of the court was to grant one-third of the joint income for alimony, but if the petitioner asked less there was no reason on earth why the court should go beyond her own demand, and he should therefore award £250 in addition to the £141, making £391 altogether.—Mr. Bewicke: I protest against your lordship's decision, and leave the court.—Dr. Spinks then asked if the alimony would date from the sentence.—The Judge Ordinary: From the date of the sentence.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

THE CASE OF JACKSON v. SIR R. MAYNE.—This Court was occupied with a curious action on Monday. The plaintiff had been an inspector of hackney carriages, and he sued the Commissioner of Police to recover damages for libel. As the result of an inquiry made by the Chief Commissioner, the plaintiff and two other inspectors were dismissed, and a printed circular was sent to the different police districts, stating the reasons for dismissal, as may be imagined, in no very complimentary terms—alleging, in fact, that the plaintiff had charged for duties never performed and expenses never incurred. This statement was read to the police throughout the metropolis, and it was the libel complained of. The defence was, that the communication was privileged. The defendant, however, justified, and gave evidence in support of his plea. The case came to nothing, for the jury were discharged without being able to come to a verdict.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A STREET OUTRAGE.—James Hea, postman at the Old King's Head, Cumberland-street, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with assaulting M. Emile Barrere, correspondent to the *Monde Illustré* and residing at No. 1, Everett-street, Russell-square, and Mr. Donald Mackenzie, of No. 14, Foley-street, tailor.—Mr. Mackenzie said that on the previous evening, about eight o'clock, he was passing through Tottenham-street, Fitzroy-square, and while passing through a crowd of persons assembled there the prisoner came up to him and caught hold of his coat and wanted to enter into conversation respecting some of the relatives. He told the prisoner to leave go of him, and that he had no wish to have anything to say to him; and then the prisoner gave him a blow in the eye.—In answer to Mr. Tyrwhitt the complainant said that the prisoner did not attempt to get at his pockets, but that some persons in the crowd did, and that a gentleman, who kindly came to his assistance, was also assaulted by the prisoner.—M. Emile Barrere said that while passing a crowd in Tottenham-street he saw the prisoner, who appeared to be very excited, knocking a drunken man about. The prisoner then seized hold of Mr. Mackenzie as if to tell him his grievances, and on Mr. Mackenzie telling him that he did not wish to have anything to say to him, the prisoner struck him in the eye, and on going to Mr. Mackenzie's assistance, the prisoner also struck him (Mr. Barrere) in the eye, and in self-defence he knocked the prisoner down, and afterwards gave him into custody.—The only answer the prisoner made to the charge was that he was not sober, and that someone had pushed him about.—Mr. Tyrwhitt said it was a magistrate's duty to mark these assaults in the streets. Two persons, walking quietly through the streets, are knocked about without any reason, and for so doing the prisoner would have to pay £3, or a month.

BOW-STREET.

CRUELTY TO BIRDS.—No JURISDICTION.—A gentleman made an application to Mr. Vaughan for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any means to prosecute a certain hawk for cruelty to birds.—It appeared that the applicant had his attention called to a man standing near Temple Bar, selling what he represented to be a tame bird. The man held in his fingers the bird, which apparently had no inclination to fly away. The applicant bought one some time back, but on examining the bird, discovered that it was totally unable to fly, owing to the pinions under the wings having been snapped asunder, and completely drawn away. The process must have caused considerable pain. The man lived near Shoreditch, and came up frequently to the Strand with one of these "tame" birds for sale. The applicant wished to know, if this man could in any way be prosecuted, either under the Cruelty to Animals Act, or for obtaining money by false pretences. Could a bird, in fact, be designated an animal?—Mr. Vaughan replied in the negative. The applicant stating that encouraging cock-fighting was punishable, Mr. Vaughan said there was a separate Act of Parliament to that effect. Mr. Vaughan consulted the various statutes but could find no jurisdiction. The birds sold were neither animals nor domestic pets, and the case did not fall within the provisions of the Act.—The applicant thanked Mr. Vaughan and departed.

INSECTICIDE.

ALEXANDER DUMAS writes an article on insecticide in the *Moniteur*. He states that when he was leaving Moscow for the Caucasus he was strongly advised to carry with him some Persian Powder, which was at the same time insecticide and insecticide. All insects who do not immediately get out of the way of this powder are annihilated. Having travelled much in Africa and Greece, Alexander Dumas can vouch for it that, however free the high road, swarms of fleas await the traveller at every station; they are thick round the ancient columns of kings, and though the tomb of Agamemnon has now been empty for nearly three thousand years, it is alive with those insects, who are well acquainted with all the monuments which attract the sight-seer. Dumas had seen a good deal of insect life, but was informed that the Caucasus would far outstrip all previous experience. First of all there are the mosquitoes of Astrakhan remarkable for their size and venom. A child bitten in the face one day is not to be recognised the next by his own parents; husbands have been unable to recognise their wives. Travelling in the winter, Dumas has the good fortune not to meet the mosquito, but he fell among fleas, and found that the cold impaired neither their appetite nor their agility. He had a magnificent fur cloak, which he had locked up quite alone in his trunk when starting, but on unpacking it at Saratow and spreading it in the sun, he found that each particular hair was alive. Now was the moment to try the Persian powder, which was carefully drawn forth and administered. As soon as the fine shower of dust began to fall there was trouble in the enemy's camp, and soon myriads of insects were to be seen flying with hot haste, and making the most terrific bounds to get out of the way of the powder. The success was complete, the cloak of the great Dumas regained its pristine solitude, and all we can regret is that the author of "Monte Christo" has not consented to give us the recipe. —*Land and Water*.

TRANSFUSION OF THE BLOOD.—SINGULAR RECOVERY.—We find it stated in a journal of Palermo, that Dr. Enriod Albano a few days ago performed the operation of transfusion of the blood with success at the Hospital della Concezione of that city. A youth aged seventeen, named Giuseppe Cinazzo, of Cinisi, was received at that establishment on the 29th of September last with a bad tumour on his leg, which in the end rendered amputation necessary, the patient being very much emaciated and labouring under fever. The operation reduced him to a worse state than ever, and it became apparent that he was sinking fast, the pulse being imperceptible, the eyes dull, and the body cold. In this emergency Dr. Albano had recourse to the transfusion of blood as the only remedy that had not yet been tried. Two assistants of the hospital offered to have their veins opened for the purpose, and thus, at two different intervals, 220 grammes of blood were introduced into the patient's system. After the first time he recovered the faculty of speech, and stated that, before, he could neither see nor hear, but felt as if he were flying in the air. He is now in a fair state of recovery.

SEWING.—Sewing is a sort of secret handwriting peculiar to women. Many a strange history, many a life's poem, has been traced in thread by the needle, hemmed into sheets, darned into stockings to be trodden under a thankless foot, stitched into wreathings of flowers and garlands. Every day these records are written, but never read. Characters marked in invisible ink will lie hidden in blank parchment, unsuspected, for years, and at last the breath of fire, like the touch of a wizard, will call them to light, and deliver their message. But no sage will ever translate the histories traced by the needle, of patience, of heroism, of passion, and anguish. How they are written and stored these poems! Every household has its stores of such family archives. In the linen chests they lie; on the shelves of deep presses; in the drawers strewn with lavender. In the wardrobe hung with dresses, in the cupboard with mended hose; in the locked drawer where the little trousseau is arranged, smooth and orderly, of the baby who died; in the trunk, packed between laughing and crying, of the bride who will shortly go forth. If a light were suddenly given to read these hidden writings, what wild revelations, what beautiful lessons, what outpourings of joy, what majestic examples of endurance would not startle the world, and make it blush for the affectations it treasures in staring print.

WISDOM, WIT, & HUMOUR.

No distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore

KEEBLE.

AND still the web of life
Is woven with a plan. Can web be woven without?
Oh, foolish, foolish man! so plain a thing to doubt?
'Tis woven with a plan; but what the plan may be,
There's none shall know, O man, unless he mount to see.

While to and fro
The shuttles go,
Some perfect work to do.

WHERE do you find the Fun of Judy? In a *Jeu d'Esprit*. Don't you see? "Judy's spree."

GREENWICH TIME.—A *bon mot* is attributed to Archbishop Manning. Somebody was expressing his regret at Mr. Gladstone's defeat in Lancashire, and his having to put up with the representation of a third-rate borough. "I don't see," replied the archbishop, "how we could do better than as we have always done—take the time of day from Greenwich."

THE RIGHT WAY OF POKING THE FIRE.—Let us look at each of the methods most in vogue. First, there is the bold, careless, slapdash method, in which the performer thrusts the instrument between the bars without a moment's considera-

tion of what he is about—takes the coals this way and that for a quarter of a minute or so, and then throws down the instrument with a bang and a clang that startles pussy from the hearthrug, and sends her scampering. Still less tolerable is the persistent method in which over-earnest minds are apt to indulge, when the performer, having got possession of the poker, is loth to relinquish it, and goes on digging and picking at the fuel until his wife gets up from her chair and takes the instrument out of his hand; or, the lady being absent or failing to do that, the fire is finally poked out, and the bell is rung for Betty to come and renew it. Allied to these two methods is a third, still more demonstrative, which may be called the savage method, in which the performer storms the fireplace as he would an enemy's fortress, deals furious blows with his weapon upon the casemated upper works of caked lumps, and supplements these assaults by fierce lunges into the very vitals of the fire, as if resolved to tear its heart out. Such are the "heroic" methods of poking, in which those who adopt them may pride if they like: but we confess to a preference for more moderate measures, as exhibited in a contrary style of practice. Among the moderate methods we may mention the encouraging mode, in which the poker, as it were, pats the blinking fire on the back, just to cheer it up a little, then gently clears away the lower strata of ashes, lets a little more oxygen into the lungs of the fainting subject, and so entices it to make an effort to recover itself and show the domestic circle a cheerful face. Analogous to this is the sympathetic and cautious method, which has to be pursued when the fire is at its last gasp, and would certainly perish irrecoverably were it roughly handled. In this case the operator has to use the utmost dexterity, and to exercise at once prompt action and enduring patience; he cherishes the spark by supplying fresh fuel; he makes a passage for the current of air to the exact spot where it is wanted, and with the point of his instrument he adjusts those particles of fuel which, being in a half burnt state, are the readiest to catch, so that they will receive retain, and spread the combustion.

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